Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 8

Young Taboo

Notice: In Pennsylvania:

- Children less than 13 years old cannot give consent to sexual activity.
- Teens between the ages of 13 and 15 cannot consent to sexual activity with anyone who is four or more years older than them.
- People ages 16 and older can legally consent to sexual activity with anyone they choose, as long as the other person does not have authority over them as defined

in Pennsylvania’s institutional sexual assault statute.

Statutory Sexual Assault

It is considered a felony statutory sexual assault when:

- one person is 13 and the other is 17 or older
- one person is 14 and the other is 18 or older
- one person is 15 and the other is 19 or older

Institutional Sexual Assault

Pennsylvania also recognizes that power imbalances in certain relationships make consent impossible, regardless of age. It is considered felony institutional sexual assault when sexual activity occurs with an employee/agent of a:

- School (teacher/coach)
- State or county jail
- Personal care/group home

- Other licensed residential facility serving youth

Young taboo- feeling that- I once knew you, like the way wind once blow, it was always you, I knew, from the start, till the end, it was our time to spend, now it’s the end, what do we have left to spend, what will I send, when we’re reaching the end. Too young, too fast never realized that I was going too fast, the day goes by in a blink of an eye, too dumb to see, it was all you and me.

Chapter: 58

Party time Part 1

After school, we go to Maddie’s. When we were little, like freshman year and even some of the sophomore year, we would sometimes stay in her room and put on x-out and pluck out eyebrows into that fine little line, and color our hair with highlights, and order pizza, cramming down as much as we could eat.

Those days are going, we can't get fat. Now Jenny hardly eats anything, and if she does, she can hardly keep it down. I think maybe that's what I get so lightheaded, I only eat like once a day now. Jenny back then had a little extra around the middle, and now you can see her ribs, she even has that two-defined line on her tummy that goes into her underwear.

I remember sneaking around late at night in her hose stealing a

cookie from the jar on the top shelf in the old wood cabinet, that is also where her mom would hide her cigarettes that Jenny loved also, and the condoms were in a trinity box on top of the fridge, I sorry but I find that hilarious.

At that time, we would stretch out on one of her, old enormous worn-out couches and watch, TV or movies until we fell asleep in our nightshirts'- the TV in Maddie's living room is like 80 inches it's like being in a movie theater our legs tangled together under

an enormous fleece blanket. Maddie and liv are always entangled more passionately than Jenny and me on the loveseat! Maddie has an ancient TV in her room from the 1990s. It sucks and is small, it’s one of those with the big back on it, and the color is green, like looking into a fish tank. It’s funny her mom and dad don’t have money blinds on the windows, yet they have a big ass TV. You can sometimes see the people in the next condo overlooking us like we can see them get busy in their room! Yet nothing beats the hot guy

taking a leak in room 302, he looks to be in his late twenties.

He takes the boxes off at 10 pm and we get a free show. He knows we can see him because he makes it look inflexible and you are no more personable. Jenny and we girls love to press upon the glass, and just have fun and be a little crazy, like lifting our nighties and flashing the goods. Facebook stocking gets boring quickly anymore, so some nights the webcam comes out too. After her mom and dad

are asleep… I like it’s more fun to be bad! Like we all have profiles and fake names because none of us are eighteen yet. Any- how’s mine is ‘Angel Pink Wings 01’

Maddie goes by: ‘Mad kitty 69’ Jenny goes by:

‘Ms. Little Lover 14’ Liv goes by: ‘Olivia O 123’ Yet everyone knows her by Liv so that name is okay- I guess. We make good money-

‘Double Clicking the Mouse.’

You would not believe all the pervs on this cam the site, just wanting to see us doing it. Like old guys like our PE teacher! Man- that I didn’t even think about how to turn on a computer. Just like him, I guess they need too to see more of us close up. We have our checks mailed to Jenny's college boyfriend’s PO Box. Me this is what I do and yes- I come for you all, I just put in fake blue hair dye in, and have fake long lashes, and put in my blue contacts, and you don’t even know me. And then pen in more eyebrows. Fake,

fake, fake, fake! Boys don’t like it when you fake it or do, they look at me, that's why I am Bi.

Chatting, with them all is good, yet don’t send me a three-inch d*ick, like that boy, I don’t want to see it, tip me higher, and you’ll see the top come off mother freakers.

Ninja is my highest, I am flirty see me here, as of now, I love you all I say. (Squealing yells) my top comes off slowly, don’t I like Katie Perry, (Yes,

show us your p*ssy. One of the guys typed.)

I don’t feel like it tonight, maybe. I said chirpily. I give a sexy and flirty look and smile sweetly, they say I am a slut so I do it and show it all and they come too, I have on gray lace panties, tonight you like them as she pulls them down a little in the front.

Screenshot!

IT’s ME CUMING HARD WITH MY

DILDO’S

See this!

Day: 11/9/15

Height: 5 1 inches

Gender: Female

Body Type: Slim/Petite

Eyes: Contacts Colors Brown, Blue and

Green-

Weight: 100 pounds

Sexual Preference: Bisexual

Favorite Food: Pizza, sushi, burritos Average Rating: 5 stars (1521 votes total)

Rate Kati3Kat: 5 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 the highest for the night! And the girl on here has been here for years like Jenny and never-ever did what I did. I like to have sex with my nerdy glasses on, I feel smart!

Not even Maddie and Liv, together sucking crap off did that!

Admirers: (admire) 1,478

I made 90,000 in one night! That pays for school, and a car, and an apartment of my own.

(There are not grandma panties, said some dude in here creeping on me. It is not for them the only way he can see me the way he wants me, at this point.)

Oh yeah- I forgot- I like it sideways too, so we tried that also, go for going deep, I am a girl I like there.

#- Hashtag: (Pound Karly F'n Barns!)

Karly- She pulled down some of her underwear, I am not fat, am I?

Marcel- Hell- No! I said on the screen yet to her. (Yes- she goes from some asses in the room) The long sleeves black and white top comes off, with an X-ed aim crossed, the hand opposite the formation. As she is up close, she holds her legs and kicks them both you can see some of her down there showing through, and that is a turn-on.

Karly- I have a black bracelet, and I take off my bra shyly; I am sitting legs openly as you can see…? You can see some, yet not all as of now… white and pink bed, walls tan, posters everywhere, white carpet see my game wheel, I give you crap for that, like a video or something of mine that I will mail out to you. A three-way light on the nightstand with balls that glow, (Nice) I got my highest tip of 2,000 what do you think of my nipples.

‘I will blow you a kiss!’

(It was really for Marcel!)

I have blue crystal necklaces also, it's sexy, ‘I blow you kisses.’

Me- (You’re blowing my mind right now.)

‘Why do I… have to masturbate?’

‘Instead of me freaking you!’

I’ll be your nerdy to you! She asked sweetly yet, mischievous, knotty way, with a look of lusting in your eyes, just look at her make and smoky eyes,

to see it all. (I don’t care if you have a whitened face, fake eyelashes and blue hair, I still saw you underneath that all.)

Indian style she is sitting, showing what he wants to see and that’s the little down there for me.

‘What movie do you like…?’

‘Like I am a robot.’

Marcel- seeing it all… (I am sure of that, I feel that he’s here with me, as I want to get it on, like rubbing him on me.) I found her out for all the

random girls of the sight, I will- say that she ‘so-so-oo-o hot want to touch the hinnies!’ Awoo-o-oo, boob’s butt, and p*ssy, and finger her there, love me like you should like the way I want you too, say you want me to-u-wo-o-o!!!

Then said- Just look at me here I feel like getting these off, she was facing herself to the said side profile, showing it all. Perfect boobs they angle down and cover around nicely, like how is so right to me, like everything she has her backside also, covering ever so

precisely, in what I want in a girl. Vigorously flooding under, showing her erect nipples, so blushing pink almost, like both sights of lips!

Myself- Moving a swarming around, I could not keep up with it all in my mind, I was thoughtless it was that good.) Like her but does also two cheeks… and then… there… it all was… you get it her up close vagina. I can say why I like it, I just do, that’s everything, yet I have to look at that now. So pretty and flushed pink, just thumping for me,

I saw her clit, and the opening too. Finger rubbing and petting herself, there and everywhere! She rubs in between her chest and it drives me nuts! She pushes them up with an embrace spread finger grab on both, in a way that she can only do, she has shown me this, they and I feel lovesick! I see that this is the only way she can be with me, and me with her.

YES! Stimulating, suggestive, racy, erotic, sensual, and even erogenous, pale pink sexy lips as

constricted as if they are all tucked inwards. Pale-n-pink, and then she is biting, fluttering, winking, and shoulder rolling, dithering, and blinking sometimes a- lot. Yes- biting, off to the side and top teeth rolling over the bottom lip and holding looking at the webcam. Her eyes, it’s so working for me! All the same, I want to see it all; as she is laying there on her bed, with sideward leaning on her elbows, chatting away about whatever comes to the wacky mind of hers.

Yours truly- is flapping her hair a lot making them what me!

•Big eyes!

•Sucking, her crystal nickels!

•Tasting herself.

•Kissie faces, and erotic expressions

•Screeching.

•Rolling around, back to front, and on the said.

•You never understand what she is going to do.

•Cut- Butt in the air o Crazy stupid fun, loveable, and adorable, even as a blue heir chick, it could be hot pink, and I would love her! I yelled these words- Snap chat me. I give photos out, for tips like 777 and you get me on your phone forever-a!

Don’t you want to see my p*ssy!

(You do the math I am- a making bank! That is why I am here, doing this, and what girl would come, for a crapload of money, it’s fun, and

something that is all mine. Doing something I love doing anyway. Dumb boys are cute.)

WANNA SEE EVERYTHING ABOUT ME, GO TO MY TWITTER! YOU'LL SEE IT ALL!!!

TWITTER:

FLOW ME!

- I love it when you guys buy things like new undies! Send me crap! Cute!!! Send via Amazon!!!

Katie Kitten

@kati<3kat_CB

- Tweets 7,478
- Following 627
- Followers 149K
- Likes 24.1K

Katie Kitten

@kati<3kat-CB

NSFW! Miss My Camgirl 2014.

Mermaid |

Vampire | Kitten | Dork |

Internet Nudist

Extraordinaire. Instagram:

blu<3kitten

profiles.myfreecams.com/kati<3kat

1 Follower you know

- My biggest fan! <

361 photos and videos

NSFW! Miss My Camgirl 2014.

Mermaid | Vampire | Kitten | Dork

|Weirdo| Internet Nudist Extraordinaire.

- Instagram: blu3kitten

•Find me on Twitter: @kati<3kat_CB www.twitter.com/katie<3kitten#fan

•Friend me on Facebook like my page, you get crap there too.

•Friend her and I'll add you if you're nice to me. In addition to that, I

will say cheese on here and you can see me do it.

•I have and I- phone do you like, not everyone has this I here,

(FN- PRTSC, I'll take the photos, Karly! Screenshot there is! As I copy it over to MS paint. And save to my desktop.)

•Humming the animal, and laying back on it, that's a- truth- I well.

• I got this mic, for my birthday, do you like it, I can sing for you too. (Here I go-)

•Do I e-eject like what…? Is that squirting then yes… if that what you mean then okay.

(What do you mean?)

(Going back to the start of the sexual show-)

Oversized, a big chair like a bear… Gray and white, like her bra and undies, I see you sitting there, hands through your hair, scratching yourself, and such.

•HotforyouKarlly3!

That’s… me… don’t tell anyone, she knows- yet that is the only I want to see doing this. It may all be just for me, even if they see it.

Topic: #3 (as of now) TIP 2 for 2! SC 4 life 333 - Friend add 200 - HT of the night wins all my videos! Big booty plug >: D- 5901 Blah (7777) and if you're like I will do more, for tips, I may have two times or three dipping's.

‘Tip: 7777 to seem me cumshow-

tonight!’

The journey is in the background. Singing and shaking her boobs to the lyrics, OH MY GOD YES!! Yes, squeeze them boobs, Love it, girl!

•Tips- like crazy in here! Thank you!

(Yell’s girlie!)

Shaking out her hair!

CRAP I said, looking shocked.

Dance moves to the beats, to just a little, and then a lot! Rock out!

Showing the up close-up shot, of undies in the front. On knees- Hand on the nose, looking cute. You can spell it! I said I can't even if I try now! Rap song- showing hair, and slight p*ssy, then it all, look at this, look at me with my thumb at my forehead, the song plays, she is acting it out, all 90's! I dance like a freaking white girl! Do you see my hair? It looks like a button; I don't think I want to shave it all!

CumShow one: Do you like my green and white tank with the alien

face on it, I have it on after the first show, and I did my hair now it’s time for more do you like this, white socks, and still, I am under-wear-less. Rabbit dildo pink fast, and hard, yelling, screaming it out like his name, it all out, spraying, guessing whiteness, it all over the sheets, and showing it up close p*ssy shot, like three minutes, I have it up high so that’s why.

CumShow two: Pillow humping for six to seven minutes, and I say I came!

Sliding as it’s in between my legs, in a crouching because, leaning forward to stimulate it more and more, faster and faster, and it squirts for me and him, and them.

I’ll shave my p*ssy for you, and you can see it up close! I give the finger and then give it to myself for you.

CumShow three: bath time, and shower it off with hair, and hand rubbing one out, until the end and it runs all down my legs.

This girl- her- I can take anymore I need to sleep.

~*~

I got everything I wanted! And more I said, as I went to bed, I could die at this point: yet I have to go on thinking about her, do I have to let go, and just lie, her with him in me?

(New night at the party falling asleep)

I just gave him a hand job. I am a teen girl, and I do that and can when it comes to coming! I have something to

say, Mr. Obama, I want to have sex with older boys. Like- I did when I was a pre-teen, and got away with it. I have a brain; I know what… I am doing that, and so should he if you write your name here, on a contract to mom and dad, or just you, it's your body saying it okay as you. So why do mom and dad care at that point! I said to him.

Like a marriage certificate to hags- on my wall, do that, where my blue ribbons are. The guy that did me was in his mid-thirties, it was not

sexed, it was just ripping through my hymen, and moving one, and it did not count for me. That thrust was so freaking hard, that I screamed like a b*tch, over everything. It's just liked that girl I go to school with doing her daddy, yet that's okay for them not related, hum that's okay. I have it on speed five and it's wiggling in me, and pulsating, the way I need it to.

I personally- I know I am at the party, yet I am not out there, we come now to go here, and do this. I may not

be reliving this, it’s on, like hot steamy sex passion!

Unbreakable sex and coming with Marcel, that last for three hours or so, it was breathtaking, coming over and over, in every way you could think off, as age my age.

-Like he pulled off my blue and white pad before shoving it all in!

-Besides, then I spun around, rapidly while down on it, that’s something that I feel I can only do.

-I don’t feel that I need to use pills or rings, and patches to stop what I want to do. All I need to do is insert these spongey thingies in me and have seen it, and I know it will work.

There is a 20% fall rate on this thing, and that's good for me, so I don’t F-up my flow and get spotting and crap, and crazy. I want it from behind, sliding in and out (see that) I want old school him on top smothering me out, so that is romantic, all cuddled and crap, yes- I am still a girl and such.

-I just want to sick him off too! Like he's going to go down on me and lick and kiss, humming and rubbing my lady-ness on him back and forth.

-Stocking his hardness, feeling the wetness, down and around and inside.

-69 this crap for me I asked, we did. He wanted a cowgirl, so we did it first, then stopped and just shoved it down my tonsils, I even did the Miley thing like him like the sled hammer!!!

Yeah, you know it, daddy! (I wonder if he sees this some time or boy he works with.) (Do you hear the suck-age, as I pull my lips off, and then so will he do the same not long after.)

As well then, I gave him a thrill and turned it around. We did more than the orgies that I saw the times before! He even used a seven-inch dildo on me and made me come three times, and like the kiss, the song licked it up. And made me arise with an aching back that way, and spray, I am rolling what can I

say, I am a happy girl now! I want more, I don’t like saying hit into me, yet I go fast, and bruise my ass! Laying on my back I could feel it all in the spot that I wanted it to be felt, not far is yet right.

Tree a night is me!

Me, yet, I want firm thrusting, ultimate, uninhibited sex, at this point, making love, that is!

(The night before still on cam)

In cumshow one:

See me laying on my back, flapping around, see me know I am just crazy and rocking out! Hair is up now; I have a fake tattoo! Texting her girlfriends, and her boy, I have to pee, be right back, leaning back, legs open, playing with my hair, singing, and missing up cutie!

Three blinks, her whooshing back, as I sit back, showing my p*ssy, and now I'll do a fist pump, as Stacy's mom is playing! Throwbacks are hot! I have a cut clit I have to say! You like

me creepers- yes, yes- I do! Rubbing her clit on the bedsheets now, as she lies on her gut. Texting Jenny to see what’s on her end, and she is above me so I have to do more! Hay Yah! But shaking- all right- all right! Piece eyes dancing around, and tight ass shot, see my backside covering for you, arching! Hair covering one boob, face, pail, yet sweet! Thigh, stay up until midnight? Give it to me you're showing it all now! I see my cat coming into the room. She is playing with the kiddie! She would look cute blue! I am petting my p*ssy

boys what do you think about that? Shoulder shaking, snap chat shot! Of my p*ssy!

Slow and good do you see! Do you want to be healed?

Yes, yes- I do! Snapping fingers, hugging the cam. If you want to do it now, then go for it! Doing a stretched-out pose for pitch-perfect! Awesome right!

Perfect! We say what we need right!

‘Nailed it!’ What is my favorite animal?

Owl…? I think so… Horses! You ride them, like a girl! 1, 2, 3, 4 tell me… to shout! You can go, I won’t cry for you! I am Bipolar! Love it, do it all! I love this, I said, I hate pink, yet that's why I hump it, like this pillow, funny butting thingies! Need more of the up-close humming please rub the clit on the pillow!

Back and forth, startling it. Home away! Matilda yelp you got me

hot! Showing toes and wiggling them in her gray stockings. That for the comments, Oh honey, honey! You are my candy girl! I can believe it! I see you laying out looking amazing! She was showing it all and I need more, I said.

Damn, when I die, I hope to see this, all the time, GOD! Close up P*ssy and showing more! Give it to me! I said wanting it all! I feel it was forever ago, that I did this I need it! Say you want it for me! Funny but sick! Too cute here! You need to hear that 1,000,000 times,

I said! Covering the songs is lovely! Wink! And she did!

And she did… I got a photo I did want to see from some old dude, that's okay. Penis! She said over and over, I get it! Yet it's not mine so, yeah- I get it! ELO, don't stop! Sing the song and it sounds like she is singing. I think of them, hearing it… yeah not that one, I said, and then it went old school and it was all good. Touch yourself already! I have to say it is- been- long enough

now! Do it here or it doesn’t work, you got my okay.

All the way now! She is taking them off the stockings. Legs tight, showing the line of mine! Cowgirl riding the plush oversized toy. You got a yellow wall, that good, say that Yellow wall alert! The purple dildo comes out and she starts using it, and sighs to it, till she comes. Nice glasses, funny, sexy teacher look it works for me. Nice mic! Yes, it is turning me on! I get in the bathtub and it is cold, yet I’ll

work with it. In the box, funny your sis must have the old one. Oh, it's light crap! I spoke. She dunks, and wipes her hair back, so sexy! Get up on the edge of the tube, and do it then, no on the corner thanks. Gross okay she said I will, you’re getting paid right, now you can have it off under there no up on the tile yes, call me fake, and the guy is okay.

Okay- that was cool, now she is laying on the bad and rocking my world! And squirt for me! And she did

and showed it all and licked her fingers. And said good night, I am number one!

Profile: Katy<3Kat, I own the right to this so I can show it, my name is here, and that was my boys and girls!

I love Vampire, Mermaid, Princess of all things awesome. I am into girls only, boys come and see me though, I'll do things for you.

Room Topic: #4! Lazy Sunday :) SC for life 333! Top off 2352 HT gets my kinky Cummie- covered undies!

699 in the chat room.

Guests/Basics Muted.

Miss MFC: #1 in the room

Location:

Fantasy Land

Age/Ethnicity:

16 and 1/2, No Answer -I cum for you.

Tags: blue hair, petite, mermaid, long hair, skinny, talkative I know that the videos are all online and

show it all and have been downloaded a million times.

Get on the bed that what happens here-

(About it all and why we do what we do)

But I didn’t care, I wanted to be cool. ‘It’s because of this the boys worship the ground I walk on. They see it, they want it. And I want them to want me! So, I can give them a hard time. To see if they just want me, or if they need me.’ Like I said- This surely

wouldn’t be the first time a boy uses me as his tribute impression! Yeah- we're young we can be a little crazy, why not. I remember last Friday Maddie’s said- ‘OMG! Jenny- you’ve made nipple-boob smudges! On the window.’ I don’t know why but we always end up unclothed under their blankets or run around the room that way.

(That’s what I meant about the photos of me and being remembered for them. Like sometimes I think there are more photos of my little lady and

lower half than there were of my sweet little face. I know that I didn't have any respect for myself and I was only seventeen and younger than that even, and really neither did my friends, with me, have fallen to their level. Girls promise me right now, that you want to strip and spray for website money, I know it's just on cam but, it's not going to get you anywhere in life.

Even if it's trilling at the time. Think highly of yourself! Someday your kids could see that… if you live to see

it! You got to think ahead. You have to consider and think! ‘All the money in the world won’t get back your innocents or life.’ Oh, and shame on you- older man looking at us, what if that was your daughter or granddaughter, that popped up on the screen, dancing around, and diddling, you wouldn’t like it then would you. Didn’t think so…!)

Since the junior year, though on Fridays and the weekends, I don’t think we’ve stayed in even once, we

would go down the Fire escape, and go to the parties if we won’t allow, sometimes our mom's and dad's no, yet most of the time they didn’t know where we were going or what we were going to do. Just like they don’t think we're even sexually active.

Today we raided middies’ closet, so we don’t have to wear the same outfit to Marcel’s party, she seems to have a lot of things that look cute on me. Liv, Maddie, and Jenny are giving special attention to how I look.

Liv puts the maroon polish on my nails, I do mine too but my hands are shaking a little, so some get soft blue on my cuticles and make it look like I'm a five-year-old, that has gotten into her mom's make up for the first time, but I'm too nervous to care. I was thinking about my boy getting all up in me, for the first time… his first time, with me.

I just had that feeling that Ray couldn't wait to get into my glory hole! Yet I wasn't sure if I wanted it or not. Even though I tectonically not a virgin,

I never really ever have sex that was meant to be passionate, like what I had in the past it was just always a hookup nothing more, like they didn't even kiss me droning, like with no feeling attached. I am scared that I am going to suck, even though I know how it works. Ray and I are going to meet up at Marcel's. I get this in a poorly written text. Like hello, you're not even going to pick me up? You're not going to woo me in any way, you just expect me to blow your mind, without having

some chivalry in return. You got to give some to get some!

#- Hashtag: (cam show, movie night cuddles, and risky steps)

~*~

(Night Show- on cam some days back before the physical end, I may do some shocking things for you, like show my puss from the front and the back on my knees, and then lay on my floor or sit web for you, this is part of how I was it's my documentary only now forever like I said I am not proud

of it yet I am remembered for it, it was all for my friends you say what you want and money, I don’t mind doing it for him or me, yet I saw it too, and it not my best sides. I use an enormous pink Hitachi vibrate too, and you all know that. Yes, Yes, Yes- Um it’s pink that's the color of it! I am a little girl- what can I say, (that an excuse for my cover I thought, I am not buying another one just for this.) I do like it when a girl doesn't like boys.)

Ray- It’s Like- In her smile I know that I don't need any other lover, something in her style that shows me that I am the one for her, I do care about her, what’s cool is she’s like my best bud too. The only deferments are that she is a girl so that benefits me! I could love her… but she makes it hard too, no scratch that her friends make it hard too, she needs to pick them or me. And I know that it’s not going to be me, so I can’t feel fully committed to her until she is with me. Sex sure, she would be my first ever she would be the

right girl for that, we know just about everything about one another anyways.

Maybe after tonight I can get more and find out who loves me more. I am not saying that she needs to give up her girls. But she needs to think for herself sometimes, I feel like I have to babysit her. Thinking for her is not something I can do for her. I thought she was cooler when she was a nobody. At least I felt like I was the only one that she needed. Sometimes I sense that Jenny likes me just as much as she

does, and Jenny to me is like that pain in the ass friend's girlfriend's sister that you can touch. I am torn. Karly is my little bud, that I just about do everything with, and I don't want to complicate that.

Jenny is my beautiful dream that can be a nightmare, which I sometimes can stand, yet I still want her, and I don't get why. I don't know maybe I can have both?

That's what I am donning now, and it seems to be working, don't tell

Karly she would be crushed. I could not bear to see her be heartbroken over me, wanting to be with her friend more than her. I don’t love Jenny; I just want Jenny. I want Karly to say she loves me and shows and does not hide it. She makes me feel like I am not good enough at times. You get it too, don’t you?

~*~

Karly- Massage received: ‘Got the bedroom 4 tonight's would have been nice if it said for us, or he said

looking forward to seeing you. What's with boys all think about is getting it in, yes- I want him to put it in, but I want him to want me for it… whatever, he is no different from those others. (Thought- Boy you need to try harder, there are so many others that would love to be where you're at.) I let Liv pick out my outfit, I was too shaky and undeceive to choose myself. She got out a long red glitter tank top, that I got to use a short dress, it's too big in the chest, so I had to stuff it out, I was thinking awesome now Ray can blow

his nose before he sees, feels, kisses my chest. I have a new thing that I have kept for this day. It's black. I put the tank over my naked body Liv and Maddie overlooking, as I step into the new undies. Maddie says I got it… she runs over to the closet and gets out her silly Dorothy slippers, also Rudy and sparkly. Liv said- ‘Girl you look good.

Sometimes, you have to show a little skin. That reminds boys of being naked, and then they think of sex.’

(I thought I looked like a stripper, my butt was barely covered, yet that's the point I guess.) I thought the good thing was that I shaved my legs and didn't stop at my knees. Sometimes I get lazy with the shaving, which we girls all do in the winter months. Did you know there is a whole month devoted to it in November in not shaving your legs? That's the way we wear jeans, and no skirts or shorts… Jenny does my makeup, doing the smoky eye look with some light brown on the lids, with black mascara on top

of the fake lashes. I do my hair adding in long extension,

Maddie helps me make perfect springy waves. But, I don’t all the white powder in the world could get my face white like it should be, humming and breathing Maddie runs to her dad's liquor cabinet and gets me a shot of something nasty and says here this will chill you out.

I didn’t ask what was in it, I don't want to know really. She slipped something in it I am sure of it. That is

when Jenny says we all should take two more shots, so we're a little buzzed and loosened up for the party. I mixed myself down with some orange juice. Liv said as she was making a short face, red is the color of passion, and it will drive any boy wild. I was like good it will much my rosy cheeks and blushed out the face.

I like I have this perfect picture in my mind of how everything is supposed to be, or the way I think it should be, maybe this is why I get

disappointed. I set the bar too high for everyone but myself, with me it's like I have to do the limbo. Afterward, I locked myself in the bathroom, trying to hold down the shots. I could feel the hotness and itchy from my fingertips up to my skull, I felt like a baseball cracked me in the back of the head. Like- I am somewhat used to balls smacking me in the front of the face… I hate Gym class! He- he, and TMI- LOL!

So, I am trying to memorize exactly how I look there, in that second.

But, after a while all of my features seem like they're just hanging there, like something I'm seeing on an unfamiliar person, I didn't even look like me, in that second, I thought what happens to the real Karly. Who did I become? This isn't me… is it? I am butt-crazy in love with Ray, but I am not sure if I can go through with this! I know I can get out of this by saying I am on it like he has the app, there just has to be an app for that, like that was girls' ways of getting out of everything. Yet I have to think some boys are not

lucky enough to be as naturally adorable as he is, I would be a fool if I didn't let him feel my insides.

My mind is going crazy! I feel so pissing impotent, and yet so pissing out of control.

Which I hate. I love him! I know I am such a brown-noser, for wanting him to love this- me. I just feel butt ugly! And I look like such a bloated cow. Um- maybe I am PMS-ing? It is like only a week before your period. OMG- I feel just like a heifer! I mean

for real’s I only had a handful of peanut butter M&M's and like four pieces of licorice since lunch. Sometimes I think searching for the right boy in high school is as hopeless as searching for meaning in a Harry Potter movie, the lights or on yet no one is home. They can’t see true love if it was a flipping brick being flung smacking them between the lookers and the sniffer. Like they just don’t feel it or see it! I can see why Maddie and Liv are why there are…!

Oh, and the reason I sat through Potter was- well… I for- real's have such a girl crush on Emma Watson! I think she is so pretty, flirty, and has that sexy way of talking. If I die and need someone to play me in a movie, about my cruddy life, like- she would be my first pick! (Ha- too bad no one cares what I think… they never did, or they well. The memory of my short life will go by like a stinky fart in the breeze, just around long engulfed to piss everyone off and then vanishes in midair!)

Looking at myself… When I was little- I used to do this all the time: in the bathroom, I would take hot showers and the mirrors would stem entirely over, then stand there, watching as my face took shape slowly behind the steam, looking at my bare body, what looked good and what looked so bad.

Then I could rough outlines at first, then details would start illustrating out.

The more I could see the more I disliked. Each time I'd think that when my face came back, I would see somebody beautiful, I like to feel when washing, like during my shower I would have transformed into someone that I would love or that someone would love me. I only felt beautiful when I was letting that water hit me, after that, I would set out and dry off… Just like creepy eyes looking at me, I always looked the same, and that's not what I wanted, and just like when my skin

dried off just standing there, the ugly soak in.

There is so much pushy to look like girls in magazines or on the internet molds and movie stars, I want to look like that, I know I will never live up to that. I mean come on. Standing in Maddie's bathroom, I smile and think, tomorrow I'll finally be different because I'll be his first and he'll be mine.

(Yet some days I just look in this glass and think, now I am nothing

but a freaking slut and a bully. Maybe I liked myself more back then than I knew I did. I never thought that would be possible, at least the only one that was getting hurt was me. But I hid that fact from everyone because I like me feeling good.)

This all started when Ansley Baum passed away, she was one of us, in our group. I knew her back to freshman year, like when she commented on my hair looking cute, with the ribbon in it, or something like

that. She was a fun outgoing and too young of a girl to die. She was everything that I am not. Then like in lunch I see her sis Kara with a bandana around her head at the speed table, because she looks freaky and is sickly. She has been dying of the same cancer now for years, and I am appalled. Sometimes life doesn’t seem fair. This is not nice to say, but why her and not her sis. Why do bad things happen to good people?

I feel reasonable for Ansley dying, I was supposed to have her home at midnight, last year after Sam's Friday night kegger party.

However, I was too drunk to remember too.

That is one reason I don't have a car now, we had my dad's SUV and that's the car she drives away- in, I throw her my keys, saying- 'If you want to go, then go!' I was being crazy grinding with my girls, it was past her curfew, and she left without me in a

panic. I knew I had a ride with Jenny, Maddie, and Liv. I could have been with her, I cheated death. She drove herself, and hit a truck going into the squirrel hill tunnels, she was doing 85 in a 55 and slid on black ice.

She was killed on impact; she went through the windshield and was buried on Monday. Just in a bit of an eye life can be over, and leave you traumatized. I was messed up for six months after, I missed two weeks of school, just crying in my room. All

because of me saying nastily: ‘If you want to go, then go!’ (I should have taken her home, and I should have been her sis’s friend when no one else would be, I didn’t because I wanted to be popular.)

~*~

Jenny walked into the room, and asks-

‘How do I look?’ I say- ‘You look a little retro like 1995 or a tennis player, I like it.’ Liv and Maddie nodded in approval. I think it’s cute that Jenny

matched Iggy’s school outfit from the video.

Yellow is good for her, it also for some reason reminded me of that really old movie clueless, I and that girl could relate. Jenny is kind of obsessed with music- just like she is with vintage yet hot outfits, so she makes us a playlist for the ride to Marcel’s house, even though he lives only like seven miles away… whatever. We listen to Iggy Azalea, and then we blast ‘Fancy’ and we all sing along. Iggy’s not bad…

really, but I get sick of rap all the time. Followed by Taylor Swift – ‘Shake It Off,’ and that song just gets stuck in my head, just like seeing Maddie twerking with those big black framed nerdy glass. That is when Liv hits next and she starts singing: ‘Too Fast’- ‘I don't want to be a restless soul.

Running on empty, burning up the road…’ Not the kind of song that you want to pull up to a party blasting. Even so… we can pull it off, the eyes were on us!

~*~

Anyways back to today, on the drive, we do some uncanny things, though: as we are driving there along with all those familiar streets, like that I've known my whole life, and I can name them all off by heart. We pass the same fast-food places and the shops, and all the high-rises. Liv's is barking like a dog at the top of her lungs.

Maddie's got her ass sticking out the window, and I'm just flipping everyone off as we drive past them,

saying something like- ‘Suck on this butthole b*tches!’ (I hope those won’t be my famous last words to my city! Yet I think they will be.) Liv has the lowest acceptance out of all of us, for doing dumb crap. In a way,’- she is kind of the most- moodiest of us all. Maddie’s got the rest of the vodka inserted into her handbag but with nothing to chase it down with she is not chugging it.

Jenny’s driving because she can drink all night and hardly feel it. Plus, she always drives it’s just her

thing. I take selfies as we are driving along and look so cool, just like a hipster girl, doing the kissy face. The wet snowfalls start spitting down when we’re virtually there, but it’s so light it’s almost like it’s just hanging in the air, like a big curtain of white haze, it was so odd and magnificent. I don’t remember ever seeing something so weird weather-wise in all my life. At this instant, I was at Marcel's house woo and hoo- he is like the only guy that I know that has a home and not an apartment.

Anyways looking down the yard, I was looking for the clown because it looked just like his fifth birthday party to me. I've forgotten how distant it's set back in the woodlands. The driveway seems to wind on forever. I could see the cheesy lanterns bouncing in midair. I could see all the dull light from the headlights bouncing off the winding, pathways and skimpy lifeless tree branches flocking narrowly overhead, and tiny bits of frozen rain like diamonds sparkling.

(Albert Einstein said- ‘Look deep into nature, and then you will understand everything better.’ You know I didn’t know just how true that would be for me. But he is the same man that said- ‘A person who never made a mistake never tried anything new.’ This leaves me with the fact of life and popularity with this one he said- ‘You have to learn the rules of the game. And then you have to play better than anyone else.’ If you are a girl like me, you have learned to play the game and master it the hard way.)

Jenny says- This road reminds me of those ancient horror movies, you don't like how it starts.’

Maddie replays back, fine-tuning her apparel, ‘Yeah let’s not dive off the side of a cliff today, I feel like living.’ ‘It’s just a little farther now,’ I say, even though I have no clue, and I’m starting to wonder whether we turned too early. I have butterflies in my stomach, but I’m not sure whether they’re good or bad, they are getting more intense.

The woodlands press closer and closer until they’re nearly brushing up against the car doors. Jenny twitches grumpy about the paint job. I don’t see why the paints flaking off on the hood, but that's just the way she is. Just when it seems like we’ll be slurped up into the abyss, the mist drips from the window as I press it. For a joke, I write the word HELP on the window, like something you would see on a creepy book cover.

Unexpectedly the coppices disperse entirely and there’s the main lawn. It's like the cutest yard I have ever seen as a city girl, with a light blue house pushed way back surrounded by weepy-looking trees. It’s got passageways and a long porch that runs along all sides.

The shutters are white; the entire place is carved with crazy cover designs which make everything stand out. I don’t remember any of it, yet I can’t say it was because I was stoned or

high. Thinking so hard I start to daydream… Maybe it’s the alcohol, I can’t dredge up when I started drinking either, but then again, I think this is the most beautiful house I’ve ever seen.

The type of house I would love to have with Ray and a baby girl someday. Yet boys don’t think like us girls, they don’t think ahead, they don’t use the right head… all they think about is how they’re going to get off, and what girl they can get to do it with. Well maybe not all of them do, but

most. I wouldn't be a good momma, I know this… if I am anything like my mom, crap I would suck at it and fall miserably, and my baby would grow up fallen to every- one too. I think Ray would be a good dad if he would grow up some, yet he is getting better, my training is paying off; somewhat. Oh well, it's not like I want to have a big belly anyways.

(A single teardrop from my eye, and I wipe it away before any of my girlfriends see.) Sometimes, I just feel

like Miley riding the wrecking. I have licked my share of sled hammers too, after a while it gets to a girl like boys do nothing but break you down and crush your heart, and yet they keep accepting more blows until you fracture. Sometimes you can't win if he won't let you in!

We're all silent for a minute, looking. Half the house is in darkness, but there is a soft warm light shining on the upper level, where it makes the lawn turn shiny in a yellow glow. Jenny

says, ‘It’s almost as big as our school, Kar.’

I’m regretful she spoke: it feels like the charming spell has been broken because it is not that big at all. ‘Almost,’ Maddie says. She takes the vodka out of her bag and takes a sip and then wipes her chin with the slave of her jacket. ‘Give me a shot of that stuff,’ Liv says, reaching for the bottle, and then kiss me!

‘Ugh you too make me sick,’ Jenny says. ‘Like go find some boys

tonight.’ They both just giggle, I roll my eyes at how clueless Jenny can be. The bottles in my hand before I realize it. I take a sip. It burns my throat and tastes horrible, like paint or gasoline, but as soon as it’s down I get a rush. We climb out of the SUV and the light from the house flows and expands, twinkling at me as some of the snow falls and melts on my extended tongue.

Walking into parties always gives me that period cramp feeling at the bottom of my stomach. It’s not a

good feeling, even though it has the patience of being good for me, like the feeling of knowing anything can happen, if all falls into place. Most of the time nothing does, of course. Most of the time one-night blends into the next, and weeks blend into weeks, and months blur into years. And sooner or later we all die alone and thrown into a pit or firebox. What's the point of living at all? (I guess all have to find that out the hard way?)

Jenny always says-

‘We're only here to having sex and orgasms and punch out some boys’ kids.’ I hope there is more than that, there has to be, yet deep down, like I think she is right, she always is. Yet I just… I just miss him. And I hate feeling so alone. But at the beginning of the night anything’s possible, I know this and it makes me nervous. The front door is locked, and we have to go around to the back, where a door opens onto a cramped foyer it is so sweet all covered in grannies like wallpaper and rich woodwork. The wooden stairs are-

to die for. It smells like something unforgettable. It's so yummy, like gingerbread at Christmas. I wish Ray had a home like this… I guess you can have it all, I wish Marcel wasn’t so weird I might just go out with him because of this place. Yet he is not going to change anytime soon either.

I hear the tinkle of breaking the glass and someone yells, ‘break it up!’ two assholes were fighting over Jenny already, and the one went pushing through the window.

That is when a roar screeched from the speakers: ‘Yo Yo Yo, how you are doing tonight? I am Marcel… and now is your time to get your freak on!’ That is when the DJ took over the mic, and side- ‘Can that boy get any whiter?’ The house erupted in a chuckle. Now we all are out on the dance floor. That’s when the DJ said lady let’s see those panties come off, and roll them in your hand to this next song. The DJ said- ‘I want to see you all- ‘Wobble Baby!’’

So of course, all the girls did it… I don’t mind going commando; I knew at some point thought out the night they were coming off anyway. Plus, it’s more freeing to dance that way too, without the wedges. After the first dance, the stairs are so packed we have to squeeze up in a single, everyone is making out, I see Lizzy, her one boob is exposed, it looks like she got one for the night. People are coming down in the opposite direction after hooking up in one of the bedrooms, empty beer cups in hand.

Same of them half-naked with that afterglow on their faces.

Most of them have to turn so their backs are against the wall. We say hi to a few people and ignore the rest of the losers, the loser gawks they're not getting any, they shouldn't even be here, and all they want to do is hook up with hot girls like us. As usual, I can feel all of them looking at me. I like to play games with boys, Ha just gives them enough to get a boner and I brush up and walk on. I had ten or more boys

say I looked hot, and I just say- ‘That’s nice fellas, but I have a BF!’ So, in other words, I am only banging him tonight, was the message I was trying to give!

So okay, I don't want to be a turncoat wannabe to my generation, in all… but, looking around I don't get how guys dress today. I mean, come on, it looks like they just rolled out of bed still holding on to their man meat with one hand, while throwing some holey baggy jeans over their nasty body fluid

covered boxers with the other, and didn’t bother washing up, or fixing their oily hair – ew-h – and just covered it up with a sideward cap, like we're expected to faint or curtsey in their magnificent-ness? I don't think so, and yes, I made that word up, I can do that.

Aw- boys are so gross, like if we ladies would do that you boys would ship us to a deserted island like we’re lepers. Surely what with you all always grabbing at it, if we girls would have our hand down there all the time, like

we would be handcuffed, just like boys can go topless when swimming and we're not supposed to, it just doesn’t seem fair to me. Even basic girls try to look good and refrain from doing that. Can’t even!

At the top, I said out aloud not meaning to. ‘Would you call me selfish?’

Maddie said- ‘Nut-huh, um- like not to your face.’ Jenny giggled and said- Uh- baby girl you worry too much, like some girls are not lucky enough to

be as naturally adorable as you are, stop thinking or you'll get frown lines!' I look in my compact mirror and see the line forming, oh crap something new to freak out about, I thought. Good thing Ray and most boys don't look at my face… lol.

#- Hashtag: (Gangbang, the stairway to heaven, taking shots)

~*~

I pass the bathroom and the door is hanging open; I can see Stacy and Ryan.

His boxers are around his ankles, she is sitting on the toilet, they have shared needles. It's still in his hand, Stay is shaking and pulling on her hair like someone that is going crazy. She and her 25 or something boyfriend that she only sees for her junk, just shot up heroin. It's the scariest thing I have ever witnessed.

You can smell it, like vinegar mixed with ammonia. She has pissed all over the floor. It reeks, as fast as he intended it into her starts to collapse,

rubbing her eyes and face, and rubbing her body uncontrollably, her eyes are red, just like his, but he has been on it longer so it’s not affecting him as much. She is balking a lot, she looks so confused, while making moments like the kids at the sped table do.

Stacy is 14 and she has sex with Ryan at least three times a day, just so she can get her heroine for free, I knew when I saw her today at school, she was going through withdrawal. With her sudden changes in behavior or

actions, she likes to have a droopy appearance, as if her extremities are heavy. I know for sure she is going to be the next dead girl because she was most likely to OD.

I knew she was too far going for me to help, and what could I do? She is a big girl and she knows what she is doing. (I was wrong.) Stay has said to me what it’s like- ‘Oh Karly It’s like having the best orgasm you've ever had multiply it by a billion, and you're still nowhere near it. Like, imagine a

warm wave washing over your body that eliminates any feelings of sorrow, regret, anger, stress, or guilt. Imagine all those bad feelings being washed away as you feel the warmth running through your veins. You sure you don't want to try it?' I remember saying- 'Yeah, I'm sure.' I think she is one dumb punani! If you don't know what that means look it up, I'll wait for you…

Okay got it? Hey, it could have been worse, like I could have asked you to look up a Prince Albert, and yes to

me doing that is just as dumb as doing hardcore drugs. Anyways, down the dim hallway hanging all over with white icicle Christmas lights. There is a classification of rooms for those that want to hook up, each leading off the next, the further down the run the lower your popularity the dirtier the room will be because it’s the rooms most used for the act, I know me and Ray will most like have Marcel’s mom and dad’s master bedroom, that room is off-limits to everyone, except the high rankers like me and my girls. I peck

in… saying under my breath- That’s the room for tonight! I thought- If not then I’ll know he doesn’t love me; he just wants to get into my dress.

I look in some of the rooms, the music is blasting, I see the orgies taking place, some of the girls are yelling over the music, and asking me to join in, and they look so elementary like they should still be sucking on a baby bottle. Just remember having sex is a party, and not everyone is invalid,

it all goes back to who hot and who’s not.

OMG! It’s like 10 to 20 boys and girls going at it like rabbits. Some are even doing it, but throughout- roulette there are more- younger girls than boys. I know most of the boy's face them in the senior class. The floors are filled, all the draped fabrics ripped off the windows, all the big pillows from the beds and the couches ripped apart, feathers all over in the air in the girl’s man goo covered hair, so yucky! The

sofas are packed with naked interlocked people, I have to say some of these girls are fixable, I let you picture that for yourself.

Jenny leans back and declares something to me in a hasty fashion, but it gets lost in the murmur of voices and passion moaning, and pulsating music. Then she’s moving away from me. Some boy was pulling on her arm, lacing through the crowd. I turn around, but Maddie and Liv are vanishing too in the thick of it all, and

before I know it my heart is pounding like never- ever before, and I get this itchy feeling in my palms, I was scared to be all alone around all these people, I didn't know if I was going to gets' a-stick-ed, with a needle, shank, or worse some random ass boys d*ick. I don't know why but it always seems like I get left behind, or my girls forget about me like I am just another face in the crowd.

I have had this nightmare many times in my dreams at night in my single bed, where I'm standing in the

center of an enormous crowd, being thrown from left to right, like a rag doll, and becoming naked and the boys descend on me. The faces and expressions look familiar to me so like I know them however very dreamlike, almost there's something wrong with all of them: just like being a crazy Van Gogh painting someone will walk by who looks like Jenny, but then her mouth is weird and droopy like it's melting off in a creepy laugh, like the old music video to that song 'Black Hole Sun,' and none of them recognize

me or speak English, and I can find my way out of the house or back home, and that's all I say- 'I want to get back home. Help me!' Dreams are so weird!

Hum- I wonder if they mean anything? Standing in Marcel's house isn't the same thing yet is oh so uncanny. But still, it's enough to freak me out a little.

I'm about to head over to Amanda Scott she's tremendously revolting and generally, I wouldn't be caught dead talking to her, but I'm

getting frantic with all the stranger danger in the house- and that is when it happened, I was tackled, I feel these lust-locking bear hugging arms wrap around me, and I smelt his sweet and Axe.

Marcel?

‘Yeah, baby!

He was gazing into my eyes, lovesick for me, and that when he said- ‘You came!’ He said, along with- ‘I knew I got you to come for me!’ He puts his damp mouth against my ear,

playing with my hair, he plants a nibbling kiss under my ear, and whispers ‘Hey- babe-licious Karly, you’re so sexy.

Would you be my girl?’

He is so awkwardly lame it’s kind of cute… kind-a…? Everyone knows Jenny calls me baby, so-o I guess that is how he can up with that pet name. Then he used the oldest line in the book ‘Where’ve you been all my life?’ It was all I could do not to giggle

in his face, even though I thought it was sweet that he wanted me.

Where in the friend zone, yet he doesn't see that I don't know why like I've made it so obvious! I wish Ray would give me a nibbling kiss on the lips, as I like it when the kisser softly bits and pulls my lower lip, it is so romantic. Sad to say Marcel might be a better kisser than Ray is… maybe I should find out? Nah… I am not lowering myself down to that. However, if I see him, and no one is looking, I

might just see how good he is pinning him up on a locker in the hallway… maybe, just saying, I love kissing boys, girls, and even teachers too!

‘You’re drunk aren’t you,’ he said to me. I said not quite yet, but the night is young. I said- I see you are. It comes out more snappish than I think I meant it to. ‘Sober enough to know you’re the one I want tonight,’ He says, trying and worsening to raise one eyebrow or to let me go, I try to pull away and he hugs me even tighter.

‘Oh, look at the time, it’s ten o-two, I look at my phone intently, seeing the seconds tick away.’ thinking he would back off some, I was glad he was there don’t get me wrong like he makes me feel somewhat comfy and safe, and although edgy. ‘It’s not late. I called you, you didn’t answer.’

He puts his hand down his jean pockets, to show me the countless calls. In my mind, I knew, and I was like who calls anymore, that’s so the 1990’s. He said- ‘I must’ve put my phone down

somewhere. He is losing it… because he knew the iPhone was gone forever. I roll my eyes. ‘You’re so felonious and puerile.’ He said- ‘I like it when you use those big words, it turns me on!’ ‘Silly boy- It wouldn’t if you knew what they meant.’ His smile is getting creeper pulling to the one side rising ever so slowly, and I know he’s going to kiss me with those now puckered duck lips. Ah- what the hell, I’ll give him what he wants, that is when Ray sneakily walked up and tapped me on the shoulder lock-lipped, and said offended,

‘So this what you do when I’m not around?’

I moderately turned away from Marcel's cheeks and beat red. And just as I thought Ray pushed Marcel and said that’s mine… making a scene. That’s when I said to Ray crying. ‘It’s not what it looks like he’s drunk and forced himself onto me.’ ‘Why don’t I believe you…? He said walking off.’ I don’t want to cry like a baby girl, quickly I started searching for a room, and I rained. Little did I know I rain

smoking into my friends, but they’re still nowhere to be found.

Jenny, why are you crying what happened? Liv and Maddie look as if they could kill the person that hurt me, to the point of waterworks. ‘I said Marcel kissed me.’ Jenny said- ‘Is that all, no need to cry over that.’ I looked at Maddie and Liv and they know there was more to it than that. Jenny walked off with yet another boy, patting me on the back as she scooted off. While saying- ‘You know when you cry after a

first kiss it means your soul mates.' Maddie yells out 'Okay- who's ass do I need to kick!' at this put the music was cut. When I fall into Maddie's aims, Liv is side hugging me too. 'Ray saw me kissing Marcel.' Maddie kissed my forehead and said- 'It's going to be okay.' I get yet another tap on my shoulder, Ray saying- Come on Karly now your chest hugging girls, your Bi too? I felt like two cents!

In the corner, I spot Marcel beating her head into the wall, wearing

a wholly Pink Floyd shirt about four sizes too big for him, half-tucked into his underpants.

At least he’s not wearing his fedora hat. Ray walk-off well-saying something like- ‘If that’s the way it is then fine…’ and I sat down on the sofa in the living room. I look over and he is striking up a chat with Justen Lamer and they’re laughing about something. Are you kidding me? I am not jealous- faahh… like she is such a little eighth-

grade dog, looking for a big bad bone from sturdily boy.

I know that look and what she wants him, trilling her hair, standing around her finger, and bonding back and forth on one leg, with her thumbs in the loops of her belt keepers. Oh, yes, he is willing to give that young cowgirl a ride tonight. I can see that gleam in his eyes, he like-likes her, and why not she is a lot younger than me and is most likely never been with a boy yet. They would be a good match,

it’s so cute when both virgin hookups, they’ll always remember their first together, but not with my boy. I need to fix this fast. It annoys me that he hasn’t noticed me at all since he left over a half-hour ago. I feel sick!

I’m kind of hoping he’ll look up and come barreling over to me like he usually does, but he just bends closer toward her like he’s trying to hear her better, or kiss or feel her up. I sit like a moron, I send out some texts, one to my

sis saying- ‘Hey sis, I’ll see you when you wake up, and we can share.’

I send one to my daddy saying- ‘Daddy I am with the girls to study.’ Oh, and It’s funny I think about her… my little sis, when I don’t have any other options. I look around and I feel overdressed and made up. Crap, my fake lashes are starting to peel in the corners. Most of the girls have been naked and changed into their jeans by now, an obvious inkling that they have hooked up.

My change of outfit is in my purse, untouched just like me so far tonight. Why change? So, our moms and dads don’t freak out when they see what we were wearing. Dah! Like we don’t want to be locked up forever!

#- Hashtag: (Bathroom blowouts, pick a door game, she before me.)

Party time Part 2

My OMG moment!

That is when Ray Raymond sits down next to me and pulls me up to

him. I now have my head on his chest, he is breathing heavily like he ran the mile. I think that I know what he did, but I am not sure. He didn’t say, and I didn’t ask. I don’t want to think about it. I hope he won't. ‘We’ll only stay for an hour.’ I look up and Justen is walking down the steps, with I think looks like hymen blood splatter on her denim, her hair has been pulled and played with, she looked scared, yet the little smirk she gives- me… said the truth, and that truth is that she was truly satisfied. In my heart, I know…

though I didn’t want to believe it. I thought I was going to be his first. Like the one he loved and would sure that with. I thought to myself, as I hear his heart pounding in my ear. Maybe they didn’t go all the way?

On the other hand, no boys can’t stop.

Ray said- ‘Is that okay? Then we’ll go.’ His breath smells like beer, and a little- like cigarettes when he kisses me, I could have sworn I tasted that girl leftovers. Yes- I was going to

be sick! I close my eyes and think about him kissing her all over, oh, and going down on her. I closed my eyes even tighter and I recall when I saw him kissing Joy Mabelle in fifth grade. I want to be the first in something I thought to myself.

This is what I get for not saving it for him. I was so jealous of Joy; I couldn't eat for like three days. I wonder if I look like I'm enjoying it now. I no Joy must-a, in sixth grade, I wonder if Justen enjoyed it more than

me? I consider her better than me? As a girl. As a kisser. As an oral sex partner. Or even worse a sexual intercourse partner. I don't like using those nasty fifth-grade health class terms but… I have to say what I mean.

It relaxes me to think about things like that: like how comical how life is, like before you know it my sis is going to do what I am doing now, and I will be so old, like in my late 1920's… scary getting old, I don't want her to do what I do. Yet she's starting, she is

already starting to change into a young woman. She loves to put on my makeup! I was about her age when I got my first drip and grew some tiny breasts. She wants to wear a little bra, but you know how mom is? She said no to her. She doesn't say 'NO' too much to her… but when it comes to her baby growing up, she holds back. I have told sis that it's not something to be happy about… you're too young- be a kid as long as you can, you grow up fast enough. She looks at me confused asking- 'What do you mean?'

I remember saying, not too many days back- ‘You’ll find out soon enough!’ ‘Okay,’ she said. In my thoughts- It relaxes me knowing that I, not the only one that’s missing up in life, that inside all girls want existences starting way back in elementary school.

Maybe I am not doing too badly? I predict you have to grow up at some point.

Like, if you want to know my biggest secret of all, here it is: I know you’re theoretically supposed to wait to

have sex with someone you love and all that, and I didn't really that I loved Ray-I mean, I've kind of been in love with him forever, but didn't call it love, I didn't realize- it until- I saw her coming down the stairs, so how could I not? But that's not why- I decided to have sex with him tonight.

I'll get to why here…

I haven't even taken off my jacket I could and it shows, but Ray unzips and pulls it off me, that is when he slowly moved his hands up the

bottom of my dress, stopped lightly to touch me there. I could feel it moving up, I try not to giggle because, it tickling bushing over so softly along my waist and then he moved to the top, and my dress was pulled up I knew Marcel was looking me over, along with most in the room, I was showing more than I wanted too, after everyone knowing I was girl number two If I would have been first, I would have to go all the way on the sofa and not have cared how looked. But Ray’s palms are sweaty and felt gritty like they haven’t

been washed. I just got that Owyhee feeling.

Naturally, I start to pull away, he pulls me back in strength, I pull away again just long enough to say, ‘Not right here, in the middle of everyone.’ ‘What’s wrong you don’t you’re your boyfriend over there to see?’ I give him that look, like don’t freak with me because I’m not in the mood.

He said ‘Oh, I was just messing with you.’ I said- ‘Yeah I know you've

been messing around too much tonight.' It went over his head… that comment. 'Nobody's looking babe,' he says, as he is press-holding me down again with all his poundage. This is a big fib. He knows the whole world is watching us, or at least the world I live in is. He can see it, I know it. He doesn't even try to fasten his eyes shut for me, and he licks kissing my face like Liv's puppy dog Pickles.

Hell- even Pickles has better breath than he does right now. Dude-

you need a tic-tac, I thought politely to myself. His hands crawl over my stomach and his fingers are jerking on the underwire of my bra. Jenny said before at Maddie's place, that I should go braless. But I'm not comfortable doing that as they do, I don't need to pop out of the top. Ha Jenny and the girls can flap I'm not going to.

Plus, I needed something to hold the clean x tissue in. Ray is so not good with bras. The clasp is his worst

nemesis I swear. I know he’s not going to stop and everyone will see that

I stuff, I just know it. I didn’t plan for this. He’s not that good with boobs or foreplay in general. He fingers like he is picking the button for a can of Pepsi over and over on a vending machine. I having sex with him because I want to get it over with, and for that reason, that sex has always frightened me and I don’t want to be scared of it anymore. I am afraid of making real love, not the sex part.

In the past, I always felt safe with Ray, like it was right to want to do him.

Yet not this night, when we're doing it, it doesn’t feel right… I wonder why? This is not the night I wanted. I mean, it’s not like I know what it’s supposed to feel like, with someone I like… but every time he touches my boobs, he kind of just massages them in a circle hard. And I am just there like… okay, you like this?

It's like I am getting a cancer exam. I remember how Marcel did it on the bus. I loved the way his hands felt on them, and he was so gentle with me, even though he was a little creepy.

However, I would take creepy over Ray's wham bam thank your mom- right now. And to be honest, my gyno is more loving with his fingers and movements- jeez! Crap- that thing the gyno puts in your vagina. to looking down in like that thing slips in and goes down easier than what Ray is doing.

Nice visional right… I know. Ray is making me think about that, like being in that bright white room naked on that cold table, and that’s not sexy at all, just like now in the spotlight, sweating bullets.

So, one of them has to be doing the boob squeezing and touching way wrong. I get that having quickies are the only way- I am allowed to have it.

‘I can’t wait to wake up next to you, everyday naked in our king-sized bed.’ Ray says, his mist lips alongside

my ear, he is pulling my hair. In my mind, I was like does this mean you're going to marry me or ask me tonight? Is that why you cheated because you know this is your last free night? I wonder what boys think about during? I am sure it's not all that!

It's a sweet thing to say, I needed to hear it. But I can't focus while his hands are on me like this and his body unstops and his legs straddling around me. And it arises to me all of a sudden that I have not once

thought about the waking up part, or sharing everything, I have thought about nothing but the sex part. There is a lot of living together, that I never-ever thought about.

Though I still want to play house with the man I am going to love someday, like maybe if I have a baby that will fix everything that awkward? That's if he asks me… to be his girl. I have no idea what you're supposed to talk about the day after you've had sex, with someone that's like Ray I never

did a younger lower-ranking boy, or what you’re supposed to say well during the sex with someone you're falling too. Normally I am more vocal!

I’ve imagined us lying side by side, under the stars, or like in that book by Marcel Ray Duriez that Liv loves, where they make love under a bridge. I never thought about just in a bed farting and snorting around. Like with if I have to pee or do number two…?

OMG- I never wants Ray seeing me getting up to do that. In my imagined desires, I have seen us touching like those in romance movies, all hushed, wind blowing my hair, while the sun slowly rises and looks so big and lovely. I love how romance should be… why is it so wrong to not have it be like that?

Ha- sorry boys that I like to take like three honors to finish, unlike Ray that takes less than one minute. I and most girls can pick more than once,

however, the boys need to stimulate us, so we girls will be able to pick at least once and is not a one pump trump. Will, at least I have what's in the Pringles can to satisfy me. But even that can't be all mine or lead me into the perfect fantasy because I have to share it with my little sis! It's like I can't have any peace. She is my sis, so I guess it's, okay?

Yeah- I've thought about sharing toys with my little sis, but somewhere in my mind like I thought it

would be a Barbie. But at least I know what I’m getting her for her birthday he- he.

So, Marcel walks up about at Ray’s big finish and says ‘Do you two want to go up and get a room! That’s why there are rooms! I can have you doing it on my mom’s sofa!’

He didn’t stop, even throw, I say let’s go up, and then, I look around and everyone else is getting to it like us. It’s all because it’s Ray and me. I don’t see why others care so much.

Like I think I want this? So, they can go and suck eggs. This all happened so fast:

We hear:

Bridgit: ‘Oh god- get a room.’

Stivey: ‘Hey guys look at this live porn.’

Maddie: I overheard her say- ‘Holy crap she’s getting nailed. Why didn’t he take her upstairs?’

Jenny: ‘WOOoooo! Get some! Yah! Yah! Yah!’ She is getting it all on

her cell video camera. This was big scene number two this night. Everyone has circled us; the music was cut in a roar. Rays' slacks and undies are around his ankles. The ending always ends up with it in my mouth, that is when…

Justen: Shriek out, ‘Karly is Ray’s ‘round number two. Hey Karly, how does my after’s taste- going down? And just so you know he didn’t wear a condom either. I was his fist; I lost my virginity tonight to Ray! AND I BLOW

HIS MIND TONIGHT TOO!' Everyone is cheering for her, that when Justen starts the chant that haunted me the rest of the night.

'Sloppy seconds, sloppy seconds!'

I hear Liv's voice far off in the room: 'Oh I feel bad for her like this is not cool.' I thought- You think? I felt like more of a loser than I have ever felt in my whole life. I think this was planned. But I don't want to think Ray is that mean. This is someone that is

pissed that I become popular and wants to see me go down and fall to where I was in middle school. But who…?

(I didn't know then, but as the night went on, I got it. Somebody wants to destroy me, so they get what I have.) It's just like in Ray's rooms, no privacy, and the windows bar is not covered with anything. It's all out in the open and everyone seems to be looking, even like in the next building over they look in the room, even the bathroom is all uncovered glass.

Even the window-washer has seen me and him going to third base.

Ray pulls away from my face as Jenny, Justen, Liv, and Maddie and appears like ghosts next to me. Justen is making a face. Mocking the expression, I made when I glopped the jizz down. All girls know that nasty taste on your face, with your nose all wrinkled up. Yet a classy girl doesn't spit! Plus, I heard that it makes your hair shiny.

Also- I'll get some calories like ten or so too, so maybe I won't have to eat dinner, and become fat? But the least someone could do is hand me a towel for all the runny drips.

Maddie says 'You two are perverts. Doing this in front of all these younger grade kids.' 'It's not what I had planned for the night that's for sure!' After everyone gives me the drop-dead look. I said- 'I think I want to go home!' But the girls they talked me

out of it… saying- ‘Stay for us!’ I wanted to walk out that door.

I didn’t care if I had to do the walk of shame all the whole way home, no mugger would mess with me… I would rip them to shreds. (That was my last chance for redemption. I was going down in flames.)

That reminds me, like why is there a highway to hell and only a stairway to heaven? It beats me…? I never really put much thought into either place, because I just thought

there were hoary stories that were made up by old crazy guys in white robes, with their nuts hanging out, or so that is what Jenny and the girls preached to me.

Saying- ‘They only want you to believe that crap to put fear into your mind, and so you don't think for yourself or have sex. Do you believe in Santa, Easter bunny, or Unicorns?’ The church was not something I thought was cool, really it was a waste of my

time. My mom and dad never made us go, so we didn't.

(Like it's not cool- to yack on heaven's door either, the night you die.

Because you so butt drunk even your soul is messed up! Believe me… you're no longer an atheist when you see your life flash by, in the ten seconds death is coming to get you. Like even the Ten Commandments rushed through my brain, and I didn't even know them! Yet even though everyone I was friends with was anti-

God, and I was too for my friends, I never doubted that there wasn't a higher power than man. I just didn't know.)

I will never forget is the first time that's for freaking sure. It's played over in my mind afterward, like a slow-mo- movie, Ray is lifting both arms and taking off my dress for me in front of everyone, and then he rips my arms around his waist, he doesn't unclasp my bra he pulls it up and over my head. All my clean x's are everywhere as he pulls

me into the sex passion he wants, and that is with my legs up in the air feet touching my head.

He gurgles a little bit of beer, some of it drips down my boobs, he makes a sound as if he is annoyed at everything falling out. I think- I might have squealed like a piglet when he jammed it in the other hole down there when he thrust it in wildly, he spits on me for the lube, rubbing my clit speedily with his free hand, so, I would pick as fast as he was about to, so it

looked like he did a good job in front of all that were observing, yet he keeps dropping out will thirsting. All I was thinking was- pull out- pull out.

I think the vibrating chairs in Bed Bath and Beyond give me more of a thrill than that Edge of Heaven banging style, I was involuntarily laid into, like for the first time… I wanted to be on top and take control and ride him like my horse it's!

‘Forgive me, babe.’ He shrugs his showers and nods. What does that

mean? I thought to myself. I see beer in his cup, and it’s almost gone golden and foamy, knowing that has to be his tenth and he stares at it, frowning. ‘You should get a final, and just tip the keg, Ray.’ ‘Yah I should!’ He didn’t seem to get the dig for drinking so much and acting like a butt. ‘You guys want another?’ Said J-C, a boy that is two years younger than us and that goes to another school, he seems like the only one that was willing to talk after me and Ray's PDA show.

J-C I think stands for Jeremiah Calando Redondo, he's Mexican or something like that. Every time I see him, he is like in the Home Depot, chilling or asking us to help push the car. He has like two babies' girls to Christina Alonzo. Her daddy was black, and her mom was whiter than me.

So, she looks in-between tan all the time, she was a cutie in school and was somewhat popular, even for being the knocked-up chick at fourteen and then again at sixteen. She lived with

him when she was thirteen and made do, by getting her GED or so that is what I heard. She stays at home with the kids, as he's out looking for younger asses to tap. Christina dropped out at the start of this year… I think… I think it was this year?

Maddie walks up to me like she is protecting me: 'We brought our own.' Maddie slaps the vodka in her purse. And said to him- 'She doesn't need you lipping her anything.' 'Ba-Bye!' 'Clever!' Ray thumbs his nasty middle

finger beating the side of his forehead, nearly stabbing his right eye out.

One because he is drunk as a skunk. Two he needs glass and doesn't have contacts in… why I don't know. Maybe that's why he has a hard time getting his key on the whole? He's drunk-er-er than I thought. Maddie covers her mouth with her lifted hand and giggles like a little school girl. I groan and roll my eyes- like this is going to be a long night! I say to Maddie and Liv.

‘My boyfriend’s such blockhead,’ I say as soon as he wobbles away tripping over all the bodies. Maddie- ‘You’ve said it.’ ‘But a cute idiot,’ Liv modifies what I said. ‘I said yeah, he is… he’s my cute idiot.’ His walk looks like something from the walking dead, all zombified.

I couldn’t stay mad at Ray deep down I felt like he had to do it with her, to not get picked on by the others. And it’s not like I haven’t had my share of guys. Maybe he did want his first time

to be with a girl like me, all used up? She is everything I couldn’t be, and everything I should be, and everything I would have been if I would have never fallen to everyone’s pushing me so young. But most of all I felt at being me. I think Jenny was behind it, I just feel she is, if she can’t have him, she doesn't want me to either. She knows how he is when he drinks.

~*~

(Chatting with the girls)

Maddie- ‘I would love him too if he didn’t have that nasty dangly thing hanging on there that needs to see a knife, all the girls- like- have been saying that you’re the only one that didn’t care. That’s why some girls are calling you dirty. Maybe I would consider looking at it if he would have that done as he said to her, he would and that’s why she did.’

‘You know Maddie that’s like saying a transgender is cute.’ She giggles,

‘Sure- it does… Maddie said- sure it does.’ ‘I’m I missing something here?’

Maddie- ‘Yes, yes- you are.’

Liv’s observing what is going down around the room, puckering her lips to make them appear more smoochable, she takes a selfie and sends it to Maddie.

‘Aww-h cute- I overhear, yet she is standing next to her.’ ‘Anywhere where did you guys go, anyway?’ In mid-sentence, it hit me what Maddie

meant. I thought since when did Ray become so cute? Then I got it. Other than his little issue holding him back he would be such a lady's man. That is the only thing turning the girls away from sleeping with him.

It- must be?

I felt so betrayed. I'm feeling more annoyed than I should by the whole thing and everything: I feel like ripping my hair out and running out the door saying you all can go to hell. But that is when the girls start their step

team dance cheer thingy. Beating the floor and stopping around, will rapping insults to the boys' team.

Maddie and Liv do the chest bump thing. Yet I lost in my thoughts with all the circumstance thinking that my besties ditched me tonight, and let all this crap go down, and that is pissing the crap out of me. The point that Ray so butts drunk, and the point that Marcel is still looking at me like, I love you, I want to sleep with you look. He’s talking with Jenny.

I think I overheard her saying. ‘You’ll find someone daddy. She’ll come around when she realizes you’re the one that loves her.’ Not that I want him to be in love with me, understandably, yet I do find it adorable. That even after seeing what went down, like he still only has eyes for me, that’s so dreamy.

#- Hashtag: (Sortie’s getting low, dropped off, and more hole in ones than a game of golf.)

I remember us as kids Marcel made me glad, we had each other, and

you made me giggle, and if I could do it all over again, I would not change that. I just wish he was still like that, or is he? Was it me that got all weird? Looking at our life, I see forks in the road, and choices made, the trips we took, the voyages we had.

My pap used to say something like this- 'We fall to someone wholeheartedly, and you never stop falling to them until you fall your spirit away at death, but you have to fall to them as they fall to you. In a crazy

thing called life, and mine has been filled with bliss, because I fell for you as my granddaughter, just like I fall for your grandma. Falling to you, means love everlasting never falling about, always falling together.

You'll know when you have fallen for the right one.' It's just an unbroken comforting feeling, weirdly.

~*~

I struggle the bottle out of Maddie's bag and take another sip. I need it! We made it around the house

like three and had our get-togethers. There's, like, ten different rooms up here and down there.' 'Did yah have to check em' all out?'

Liv gawks at me, seeing my face, and holds up her hands as Macaulay Culkin did in Home Alone to her dropped jaw face. 'What Kar? It's not like we abandoned you in the middle of nowhere. You're a big girl.' I was thinking yeah-right comforting.

'Don't trust people... they have to make you have a reason to trust

them, yet never- ever turn your back, because you never know who is going to stab it. You’re only wanted when you’re needed. And that’s the truth. Truth is a lie to make others feel okay. That is why I don’t believe anything anyone tells me unless I feel that it's right. And even my rights in my mind have been wrong. Trust is for baby girls and simple-minded- spiders’- that don’t know any better.’

I will not cry, I would rather die than have a painful death, than cry

over a boy in front of my friends. I look at Liv's face all-loving and such. I think- god I'm such a little p*ssy. Like she's right. I don't know why I'm feeling so prissy, and detestable. As well as she's looking at me like- you did get what I wanted. I guess you can't have it all, the way you want. 'Where did Jenny go?' Maddie asked me.

Oh! She's off making Marcel feel good, about not getting with me tonight. Maddie asks me- Karly would you, if you would, like would you be

willing to with him? I just said I don’t know, maybe? ‘O-M-G! Like You FALL IN LOVE WITH HIM TONIGHT!’ ‘I DID?’ ‘Um-hum!’ She Hummed. ‘Like your eyes were never off him.’ I thought- maybe like I never fall out? I was so confused like you would think, I was the one that was a girl in the room.

‘Maddie is now glugged to Liv’s lap, there sitting next to me on the sofa lip locked. I was thinking like this is fun. And Jenny is fighting with Ray about me.’ I do believe that Jenny and

her Ex-boyfriend may have had some hardcore makeup sex tonight. However, that’s just a rhymer, I overhear going around. I lost track of all the Ex’s it could have been any one of these guys.

#-Hashtag: (Lovedrug, tear jokers, and spared out on the sofa)

~*~

‘You never know how much time you'll have.’ So, I thought the best way to spend it was partying my ass off with whom I thought were my friends

and the perfect boyfriend. (However, looking back at the dying girl looking for the borderlines, I see where I should have been. I see the arms that should have been held in.) It's the outlandish world. Living for other observations and expectations.

‘Love is merely where it is, where it’s at, where it's going to be, and never- ever changes. But you have to let that love you in regardless of you shutting them out.’ Back on the sofa- As I said- ‘Maddie is sucked to Liv’s lap.

And Jenny is fighting with someone's girlfriend now, and Samara Still is stroking off Christopher Work's willy in my ear, she is pressed up on the sofa cushion with her small chest, with her knees crunching down, facing the back he is standing like, right behind me behind the sofa. I want to say she likes a seventh-grader, if not she looks it. He is in my grade also. That's a lovely sight and sound. Is it not?'

(My thoughts drift off, as I hear every fap- fap- fap of every beat. Like

ticking-talking every second of my life away.) Yucky! Like no wonder Liv and Maddie became gay lovers, I get it. I'm like seventeen and I already hate everything about sex. It makes us girls feel used, and valueless in a man's mind.

I have to think that all boys are like that, except for my daddy, unless your dad is like some girls, I know that's correct. Your daddy is the one that holds your hand, picks you up, and on his shoulders so you can see, he's

the only boy that is not trying to get something from you.

‘Love your daddy.’ Even if I never said it. Even if you embrace the piss out of me. Even if you made me feel as if I was not always there, or you were there too much. Even if you were snooping in my room. I will always be your little girl, always.

‘Yeah, well, as everyone has, it's like kissing all around me for five minutes. I look over there and Maddie and live, flicking tongues and look over

the other way and Samara and Chris are sucking face. I'm like the only girl that didn't get an awesome long tender kiss today. Even Marcel got a long sexy kiss from Jenny because she felt bad for him. Ray and I only kiss for thirdly seconds… if that.

'I yell out all-righty, stop it already.' Liv- 'What's your problem?' 'You have been going at it the whole time you set here, like hello I am here.'

The cracks Maddie up and Liv starts laughing. It's making me feel

crappy, and even more comfortable. The vodka fills my head with warmth. More people are arriving as some are leaving going to cheap hotels or campers in the backyard for the night.

To sleep it off, or to get off. One of the two, most likely. No one just talks to anyone anymore. It’s all sex, sex, and more sex.

So, I get plastid sipping increasingly of the nasty stuff, and Maddie hands me something to pop a forget pill. At this point, I’ll like all pop

anything… it works fast. I all chill down; I see the faces just like I do in my dreams. The room is spinning just a little. Yet it feels enjoyable, though, like being on a creepy sluggish merry-go ‘round, with the creepy music, all jacked up like evil, and clown-like. I feel like I did when I played- ring around the rosy, as a little girl, the drug took me back there.

Maddie and Liv decide to go on an undertaking to save Jenny before her catfight with that girl over there

turns into an extreme scuffle. The wondering eyes are on me; he’s never looked away yet. Damn it appears like the entire Clit high school has shown up, like even the middle school kids too. I know that like 200 were invited, however it looks like there are about 500 teens and tweens here.

A tween is a girl ages about 914... too old for toys, but too young for boys. Yet those are the ones the senior boys like the most because of their ease, and down for anything that they

ask them to do… I should know that's how I lost my virginity.

The boys that are under 18 are like if I'm under and she's under were not doing any time if she consents, and even if she doesn't there are several guys around to say she did, and she most likely wants it not saying anything. She wants to be a popular girl in high school. Girls will do anyone or anything to be popular and not a loser that is bullied. I should know I had to do it.

This is the most that ever seen shows up at one party… for-reals- I didn’t think- like- Marcel was so cool with the in-crowd? The house is trashed. Popularity wises me and the girls are the highest, and everyone else here is more mid-level most of the senior girls that are on the homecoming court have left already with their boyfriends for the night.

Popularity-wise- Marcel just holds the top spot in his class in my eyes, he is like the rung ladder to his

posies, more like the jester. To be wired to be one of use, and too unique to be one of them. And there is a lot of low life here like the tweens, looking for a boy toy popularly boosted.

He seems to be in with most of the sophomores and younger, that mostly are the cool kids when we graduate, I have to say like they could be cool sophomores, I wouldn't mind getting to know some of them if it would be cool for me to do so. It's all part of being a girl that's a teenager.

#- Hashtag: (fantastic, slang, and cherry popping)

Party time Part 3

Maybe I’m in the wrong crowd? I know I’m supposed to hate them and hate on them, yet I can help but like them, they’re nice kids. Just because I’m older and more popular, I’m supposed to treat them like crap…? I can’t see that. When I am just sitting on my ass feeling left out by my peeps. I remember being like them like I was hated when I was a sophomore by all

the senior girls at the parties, yet most of us girls in my class didn't have their rankings yet, it's understandable.

I can't bring myself to care, I'll talk or be with anyone, I find fit. I know it's breaking the popularity rolls, but that's okay by me. Liv gives a group of them one of her stink eyes as she goes by them. Yet she does that with anyone she doesn't try to get to know.

Maddie is the character. Says 'Young skanks, ho-ing it up!' vociferously. One of them, Chrissa

Dillard Is rolling around ass naked on the floor, hooking up Brice Rice (a senior boy.) There is a lot of that going on, with the tweens and older boys. Hell- It’s more like a coming-of-age party, than a beer bash, at this point.

The social bottom doesn’t ever show their loser faces. They would not even get past the door. Like the sped and undesirables rejects the loosest of the lowlife.

They stay home and creep on Facebook, they're never invited to

anything, nobody wants them or would care if they're gone. Harsh but true! It isn’t for the reason that people would make fun of them, although they undoubtedly would. It’s more than that.

They don’t hear about these parties until after they’ve transpired. And nobody likes them, they have no friends or contacts, and that’s the way we want it, they can’t make a move up without us knowing or approving. They can have any friend online or in real life unless the popular approve the contact.

Because all we have to say is- ‘If your friends with him or her, you’re not friends with us anymore and you lose your ranking.’ The lowlife- the more they try to be like us, like the lower they go, if we don’t want them to gain popularity. We make it that way. They're so dumb that they would even think about coming in the back door where the popular’ s come in. they don’t know about the secret side entrances to the parties, so naïve they walk up to the guarded front door asking to get in, like come on.

Sometimes, you have to show that you got a text from some with a stancher, like the one that invited you. And yeah, no if it's la-jilt because most lowlife- rejects have no cell contacts other than their mommy. To invite them… you can spot a faker. You're either in the loop or pushed out. And just like a bad dog they get slapped on the nose, they are told to go home and cry to mommy, for sucking at life.

It's 2015 everyone has a fake ID, not like we need them for Marcel’s

party, but they do come in handy for the night joints, and bars. I have a visa card, school ID, and a suspended driver’s license. However, I am a good driver compared to Jenny, yet Jenny can get away with anything. I know boys that like to spend all their weekend time in the strip clubs. I have never seen Marcel at one of those, however, Ray has had a lap dance, and it wasn’t from me, or so I was told. Would that be considered cheating?

I am getting thirsty so I am going for a beer or two, maybe three. If everyone else is drinking it like it has to be okay. The DJ keeps the beats coming, making sure everyone has a glass as well, and is having a good time. The laser lights are going nuts, flashing colors on the walls, floor, ceiling, and mobs of kids. The house is trashed; everyone it’s wasted or stoned.

There are even thongs hanging from the chandelier. And about five minutes or so ago, I saw Bob Zaza

Tarzan swing from it, from the upstairs landing down to the living room dance floor. It would have been okay with me if he would have been wearing pants. That's a Facebook photo, that I will tag him in. Daisy Clemenza is crowd surfing.

Oh, that reminds me, like there is one of my favorite things hugging from Marcel's rearview mirror of his 2014 Toyota Corolla. He is a strange boy, it's kind of sweet… Kinda? I wonder where Ray is? High school is

supposed to prepare you for the real world, I could just imagine college parties and spring break.

#- Hashtag: (sleeping bag, sleeping around)

~*~

I get up and do some walking around. I was sick of seeing this suck fest in the living room. There are several tiny passages and rooms, it feels like a maze, in this place. Only one door is closed, with a boy's boxer hanging on the nob. I like a sign to

keep out of the nasty and we don’t want you seeing it. I had planned on using a big ass sign that says: ‘KEEP THE HEEL OUT’ and post it on the master's door… yeah, that was not needed.

I passed one girl that was using a pocket rocket on another girl. Um-okay doesn’t look… yet it’s hard not to. I walk more, and I pass Melissa Franc a freshman, she was downing a bobby shot that has been poured down Nicki Dickerson small of her petite back running down into her very naked ass

crack where Melissa’s mouth is slipped under… it's freaking sick and awesome all at the same time.

Everyone in that room is cheering for her, (Melissa’s! Gulp it! Lick it up!) Or maybe making fun of her doing it. One of the two, she is going to be a YouTube star with her freshmen hazing, I mean her lips are touching Nikki’s lady lips. Or maybe she wanted it?

Oh, cool some random-ass freshmen girl just flashed me… running

past. But like her t*ts are bigger than mine… what gives? I think I'll pass on showing mine. Walking down the hall that never seems to end. I wonder what Madilyn is doing at this very moment?

I could see her kissing a photo of Maddie and making out with it in her bed, before doing what she needs to do, and then roll over to fall asleep, all alone with just a teddy bear. It's a sad thought… like here I am having all this fun, and she is lonely. (She needs a cuddle buddy and so do I. Ha- maybe I

should sleep with her tonight?) I wonder if she and Maddie will ever hook up, Hey, anything is possible…? I hope she finds someone.

Someone that will see her for who she is, and not what people around her think she is. ‘I see her… but have to un-see her for my friends, friendship.’ I walk into the bathroom and sit down on the pot. I’m not going to say, what I was doing- I think you’ll get it. Looking on the wall next to the crapper, some ass hole drew a naked girl cartoon with

a big d*ick going up in her, and it said above… it was Maggie.

‘This is what it looked like her first time.’

With the word ‘Ouch!’ coming out of the drawing's mouth. I got some paper towels and washed what I could off, yet I don’t think it did any good. Marcel is going to have to paint over that before his parents come home at the end of the weekend. Or they will go ape on his ass! I have to say I am grossed out! I didn’t want to go in here,

but a girl has to do what a girl has to do. Flush! I stride out.

Walking, walking, and walking! And that's when I walked into Marcel's room. The door was cracked, it's the typical nerdy boy's room, stuff all over. I like the big king-sized bed even if it's undone. I have to do some snooping. There is a photo of me under his pillow. I had to pick the pillow up and smell it… creepy- I know… it's a girl thing. I walked to the dresser, and I snatched a pair of his undies from the top drawer…

two can play that game. Like why does he have so many anyway? Like who wears black socks? I found a cute T-shirt, that I could not resist taking for my own.

I know he wouldn’t mind, if I wear it for the rest of the night, and not wash it and give it back at some point. I think he would like that. I put on over my dress at first, oh it's black with the saying- ‘Kiss me I’m Desperate.’ I felt it was appropriate for the night I was

having. That when I thought- nah, I am taking off this dress and bar off.

So- there I was naked standing in his room, I sure there was a hidden camera somewhere, but I didn't care… it's like I had to do this… I felt so devilish. And I don't understand why, but I ran from the door and jumped into his bed and pulled the covers over, and they were so soft next to my bar skin. 'Awe-h-h-h- so nice!' I may have even dozed off for a minute or two. It has to be the softest bed I ever wiggled

around in. hugging a pillow and with one between my legs. It’s a girl thing, I can’t expand. Looking around there is everything you could want at your fingertips. TV, PC, guitars, books and so much more.

I jumped up when I thought I heard someone coming down the hallway. And I did… I did see someone pass, they looked in but didn’t say anything. I need to learn to close the door… as I scream at my sis for that.

So, I slid my unclothed butt and laid business on his cozy sheets getting out of the big, and that is when I put on his T-shirt. Dancing around in the mirror-like a maroon of course. I grabbed the handbag that I placed on the floor walking in. I reimaged out my thong and jeans that were in my purse. Then I placed my bra and the dress in there as a rolled-up ball.

By the time we get to Jenny, she broke up yet another couple and has made it with yet another boy, big

surprise. That has to be boy number five tonight…? She is fighting for her boy with yet another girl. She’s sitting on his lap and he’s smoking. They are sharing a joint and suck the smoke out of each other’s mouth every time they take a bong hit.

They're the cutest couple ever. I have to find out his name… like who is he? The girl that was his date or one-night stand left out the front door all pussies- like, leaving in some lowlife rejects that can be held back. I guess

she can sleep with one of them tonight outside in a tent. Ha!

#- Hashtag: (bedhead, swiping, peaking, and making the change)

Back on the dance floor, Liv is standing in the corner with Dan Dilco who is pressed upon her snugger than a PP and J sandwich. I read the words coming out of her mouth, it looks like- ‘I took care of it.’ and ‘I don’t want to see you. Get something out of my face.’ Maddie comes up and clocks in right in the face, his nose is beading, he runs

into the next room with a sophomore girl named Veronica, he got her too. I think she is showing some. She chose to be dumb and keep the oopsie.

I see Shy and she is pressed up against the wall and she’s semi-dancing and a half grinding against his boyfriend. Ray will say he's just having fun… if I walk up, so I am not going to break it up. It’s okay with me.

Shy is nothing but a wall follower now that she lost most of her rank. There both smashed anyways, I

drought they'll do anything other than barf on each other and dance 'till they drop. Dan was sobbing like he wanted the baby or something.

Every girl he has had sex with has to take something… or finds out too late. Like does he want to be a 17-year-old daddy, and throw away his life… or worse hers for that thought? Boys they don't think; it is good that we girls do that for them! Liv has a half-gone cigarette flaccid-like dangling from her lips, she smokes a lot when she is

under the gun, or she skips a period. She doesn't shake her ashes… she just inhales.

In these low-ride jeans, I was thinking- I should have warned- my tight leggings because I see a lot of the girls here are wearing black ones. It must be the new thing? Oh, why do boys come up to you and think it's okay to make a random dance move and rub up on you? And then they use their heavy arms to keep their footing, most times feeling your butt end, also.

My hair's a mess. I see it in black from night window glass. It’s from falling asleep in Marcel’s cozy bed, and Ray’s hands running through it. Like even though I know I’m an attractive girl, I don’t always feel beautiful. I wish I had someone in my life that would make me feel beautiful all the time, even when I know I don’t. I do think there is someone that would make me feel that way… there has to be.

~*~

Oh, life- ‘life is a slut that makes us bend and bangs over and over every day… humping it until it has enough of you.’ Oh, boys- ‘boys are d*icks heads that penetrate us over and over any way they can. Mentality and physically.’

‘Life sucks butt, but sucking butt is life. And when you die- like- I did you miss sucking butt.’

‘Mom and dad and little sisters are a pain in the neck, but it’s nothing like having some random man

mortician seeing you naked on a table shoving embalming liquid in your neck artery.' I was floating over like; I could see it all as he was doing it.

I remember, Frank said as he touched my hair, and ripped the sheet off me completely- 'Awe- such a young pretty little girl, what a shame her life is over. Why? Why is it always the young ones… that never did anything wrong?' I think- he was taken back by me or something. It was like he didn't

want to cut me up. Like I was too beautiful to him, to do such a thing.

I remember, him touching my hand and stroking it- ‘Saying your time was too short… there just was not enough time…’ and he whispered it again- ‘Not enough time…’ I was looking down thinking this must be hard on him, like having to do this with every dead person. Like how could you do this job?

But I think it was hard on him when it’s a teenager like me, never seeing life other than high school.

(Life in high school is not a life at all; it's a pretend world of what life after graduation will be. There is so much more than getting wasted, partying, and hooking up. So much more…)

(If he only knew… I did a lot wrong.)

Like, cheating on my math test in thread grade. Peeing in the shower

onto my sis when we were younger. Even spitting in her orange juice every morning, before school. Nasty little things like that, I was not blameless. I remember the day I said to my sis, that I wished that she would never be born… I didn't mean it.

(I do love her! And will look out for her.)

I remember, picking on her all the time, just because she was frailer. I would get onto her and reseal her down. I even put a pillow over her one

night saying stop freaking snoring. (I am not above suspicion.) Just because I like to look cute, sweet, and loveable doesn't mean that I am not disagreeable, vail, and worthless. And I am valueless! Only one boy thought I was valuable, and he went and got all creepy, or was it me that became the creep? I did so much wrong, I would love to have do-overs until I get it right.

I drift off and think about how funny it is that my dad is always in his lazy boy chair, barking orders on

Sundays. He loves the Game Show Network; he has to do his Steve Harvey impressions too.

Yeah know- smelling big and such.

However, his favorite show is the Newlywed Game. He bursts out laughing, with the question Sheri Shepherd asks. Some of them are dirty! Like last Sunday I was doing something, in the living room, and I heard something about a- Lush underbrush. And the back door.' I just

got up and left him to have his moment. I was thinking so gross! Yet I can't help but snicker!

#- Hashtag: (daddies got the giggles, under the spotlight, and damsel in distress)

~*~

I snap out of it- 'Poor Liv,' I say. I don't know why I suddenly feel bad for her. 'She's too nice. That has always been her downfall.' Plus, boys will piss on you without the decency to

call it to rain. Just like Jenny, she let boys piss on her all the time.

And yes, you could take that literally if you wanted too. ‘She’s a whore,’ Maddie says, but not spitefully. She knows that she has to be to keep the sanity within the click. I don’t think Maddie gets that she is not interested in him, maybe she just wanted to have a baby? So that she has something that is all hers? And that’s something Maddie could give her? Either way, it all ended today with Jenny’s say and

not hers. I said- ‘Liv’s not the whore, Jenny’s just making you think that. Put yourself in her shoes. You don’t care, she does.’

‘Do you think we’ll remember, any of this?’ Maddie asks me. I said- ‘I don’t remember what I ate last, so I don’t think so.’

I said- ‘Maddie What the point in remembering… you only have regret.’ She said- ‘It’s so you don’t forget that there is hope before you

die.’ ‘Hope to die?’ she said- ‘You get to have hope, or life is not worth living.’

Me- ‘This is coming for the girl that’s faith is shaken by some boy hooking up with your girlfriend?’ I’m not sure where the words come from or what end or side. I think out of her butt hole, or maybe you could have called- it a quaff. She’s talking out of her holes! My whole head feels light and uncertain, all set to drift away.

Maddie- ‘Do you think we’ll remember any of it two years from

now?' I said- 'Who knows…' I thought about it more and said- 'Like maybe when you and I are old and crazy crapping in our Huggies in the old age home, it will come back to us.'

Maddie- 'I'll drink to that… he-he.' Then she said- 'Karly you have one distorted way of thinking, and that's why I love you as I do!'

Maddie giggles, saying- 'I know she loves me more.' Tapping the bottle lightly on my lifted arm. There's a little bit of it left. I can't believe that we

drank it all in less than four hours. I sip and chase it down with my beer, which I know is not a good idea, but I did it anyway. ‘Could take my picture, because I don't remember.’ By this time Jenny and Kenneth have made up and are boyfriend, and girlfriend once again, even after swearing up and down that they would never hook up again, all the same, they did they made up, and not there kissing up and it’s sickening- yet- NO- big surprise.

That the way that has been seen they were in middle school; they thrive off one another love and hate. They can live with each other or without. Now Liv is sitting in Maddie's lap and smoking her joint. Just like Jenny is doing with Kenneth.

Marcel is looking at me from the corner of the room with puppy dog eyes.

Maybe a slow dance wouldn’t heart? So, I walked over and asked him to dance. It was nice, he wasn’t creepy

at all, and it was kind of sweet. He's leaning against the wall and I am pressed upon him and out of nowhere I just kiss him like I never kissed another.

Where half dancing and I am half grinding against him, he's so in love with me I can just tell and make out. I never- ever thought that would happen. Ray is off with his little slut for the night anyways. It's time for me to have some fun too. Two can play the cheating game! Isn't spitefulness fun!

Jenny cries when she sees us and stumbles off when she is on Kenneth's lap.

Jenny never cries! What is up with that?

But, is she crying over me being with Marcel or him? They walk up after slow dances are over, Jenny and Ken throwing an arm around each of us like it's been years since we were together, and we all are old buddies. She snatches the vodka from me and takes a sip while her arm is still

wrapped around my shoulders, Jenny's face is so close to mine, I can feel her eyelashes brush against my cheek. I forgot- I was still holding it when I had my arms wrapped around Marcel's neck.

I guess I was lost in the moment.

'Where did you go tonight Kar?' She yells. Her voice is raspy but loud, even over the music and the wide-ranging sounds of everybody talking and laughing like idiots. 'I was looking

everywhere for you.' 'I was sitting here all night,' I said, 'total bull-crap,' Ken, and Jenny says, 'we saw you coming out of his room.

All sneaking out of his room like you just had sex. And you obtusely changed, what did he do jizz all over your dress?' 'Nothing happened- I was just looking around.' Ken- 'Yeah we got it, you were looking up and kneeling on the ground, in his room. Am I right? And then you end up naked together in his bed slapping hips?'

I said- ‘You’re so wrong and nauseating.’

Ken- ‘Surrre!’ I said- Why do you care anyway? Ken- ‘Why? Like so we can tell everyone that matters that you got some tonight!’ I said- ‘Is that all you think about?’ Ken- ‘Um- yeah purdy much, that all that matters at a party.’ I run to the bathroom, they make me sick, and I hear Ken say- ‘She’s got morning sickness already.’

Ha- ha ha’s are coming from everywhere. Ken, he is such an ass! I

let poor Marcel stand there to define for himself. I was so embarrassed saying I was in his room without him okaying it. I wonder what he said, we did or didn't do, to them? I wonder if he figured out that I was wearing his T-shirt when I ran away? Thank you-toilet rim for being cold, it makes my head feel better, after vomiting beer and vodka.

#- Hashtag: (Hold me, thrill me, and kiss me)

Party time Part 4

I have to unblock myself from this bathroom before someone thinks I’m ending it. I spend thirty minutes in the bathroom, first washing my face and then reapplying makeup, even though my hands are unsteady, and my face keeps doubling up in the mirror, with my eye movements. I know at some point. My head is still fuzzy and pounding with every move or eyelid blink I make. I was trying so hard to not think yet this popped into my mind. ‘If you don't have trust, you don't have

anything. And if you don’t trust them, you lose them to someone that well.’

Jenny sees me down the hall and runs to my side… Saying- ‘Come on back. You're- such a baby, we didn’t mean anything by it.’

Jenny is such a bull-crapper and Maddie drunker and then me and with her. Liv is like a little girl on Ritalin when she has a sip too many and I’m antisocial and paranoid, and someone cracks a window to let out the smoke and sex stink yet know does.

They're like are you nuts, it's freezing out… that was the look on their cold-hearted faces, everyone in the room is like icebergs to me, and I felt like the Titanic was about to sneak, no mercy, no compassion. I was a- nobody among everybody.

I think Marcel went to his room to see what all I did or did not do. I think Ray most of went out to a camper or up to one of the rooms with his little slut for the night. I could not see that boy around anywhere.

Whaaattteeevvveeer, Jenny saw me scratching my neck looking for him. Jenny said- ‘He’ll be back to kiss your goodnight at some point.’

‘Who?’

I asked, Jenny- ‘You know who!’ I walk back to his room not sure what to expect. I see him standing next to his bed. I think he was planning on getting naked to sleep or something. I sat down with him on top of it, we started talking- he was playing with my hair, I did not know how to make small talk.

We’re laughing over the fact that Jenny is such a stuck-up b*tch. We talked about Maddie and Liv having issues because of her. I even told him that Liv terminated Dilco’s baby.

That’s we he said- ‘Hey Karly was you and I made a baby would you do that?’ I said- ‘No.’ I ended up laying on top of him, and we talked and talked. I said- ‘You want to have a baby with me?’

Marcel- ‘I don’t know, I want to spend my life with you so, yeah

someday or sooner, that’s if you want kids… or like me like that.’ I put my arms around his waist. I pulled ever so slowly toward him as he did me. The kiss was hard yet soft, it was fiery yet passionate, romantic, it was filled with a hunger for each other, the hunger I had for him oh so long ago. It was also filled with affection, he showed me he loves me with that kiss. But can I love him back, can I show it, or do I want to?

Even though we have kissed before it seemed like the first. It felt as if the whole world stilled for us. As if fireworks and explosions went off. As if all eyes were looking into each other’s souls. I could see into him as he could-me… I just wonder what he saw looking in. I wonder if he really wants me, forever or if that's just a line. I wonder… even if we felt all these emotions.

Even though I feel them for him, I had to hold back, to know for

sure. I just had to hold back. That's we he drifted off… Why did he fall asleep on me? Was it because I'm boring or is he just exposed? My head thumping still, I know was not thinking clearly, so I staggered back down the long hallway back into the dwindling party. I see one of the double-hung windows. Without anyone observing I reach my hand forward and place it on the big old sill, there is an electric candle with a night light bulb sitting in the middle. I crack the window to let out the smoke and

smells out, and to get some much-needed air.

A fine stream of rain mixed with wet heavy snow is gusting in on my face, it’s cold but feels so-so good, even though it’s winter. Enjoying the freezing air and the sensation of a hundred of little sparkly flacks.

I squeezed my eyes closed tightly and promised myself that I’ll never forget the moment I just had with him. Funny I wanted to forget about all the sound, the tacky lights, and smalls

of my friends and their mindless hilarity that they're tittering about. For some reason… I wanted to forget about all the heated hookups and the many bodies that were around me. What surpasses me the most about this, is that this is what I lived for and sacrificed so much to gain… to have the gathering and wanting of others that are popular, it's everything I ever wanted. Yet it seemed at that moment, I was better off before not having it. Before I became this girl… the girl that I’m not… not truly on the inside.

When I open my eyes, I get the shock of my life. My little sis is standing in the doorway, staring at me. With that look holding me. She must have snuck out and followed me to this party with some of her older girlfriends, she has been messing with the wrong crew lately. I knew what happened to her tonight just by looking at her face, I knew. And if I find that boy, I'll rip his sagging balls off! Then again, I was not much older than her when I went to my first party. I was horrified, she was doing what I did, back when I felt like I

was dying inside. I was dead long before I wound up dead. I just wonder if she feels the same…? I wonder if I am the cause. How would let her in… and how did she get so popular already?

I swear there is not going to be a virgin in the house after tonight like come one some of these girls are young. I guess when you’re a boy that's high, drink or whatever you can see. My little sis looks a lot older than she is when she wears my makeup, she could

pass for about a freshman to these boys.

My words for her were, ‘Go home, take a bath and you can cry and tell me about it when I get home. But leave now. Get home before mom blames me or see that you’re going!’ She said- ‘Mom thinks at a slumber party with Justen.’ I said to her- ‘Okay… (In my mind, I was thinking more about re-signing to heat on Justen.) Go home then… but go home- please, I think you have been all grown up enough for one

night. I'll see you when it cracks daylight or sooner than that, but you need to sleep your buzz off.' Her mascaras- like- was running down her little face. Before she walked away sis wanted a hug. But I didn't hug her back, I was too mad or upset at her.

I feel reasonable for her god knows I have to; mom and dad don't get it. She likes how old… they should like to know that she is not at a slumber party, that what babies do. I'll never forget her sweet little hair pulled back

into a long ponytail, and I think it’s the first time I’ve ever really seen her face, and that it looks so precious.

Shockingly, she’s there, but it’s even more shocking that she’s pretty. She is pretty, sweeter, and cuter than me. Clear and white skin, pink lips. Every boys’ dream! I couldn’t stop gawking at her. Kellie has amazing big almost turquoise eyes that open wide and slight rosy cheekbones, like a model. And the best part of it all is her boobs look as big as mine. People are

nudging and pushing us because she's and, I am obstructing the entranceway, but we just stood there, anyways when we had that chat.

Oh, I forgot to say that a girl was peeing behind a car when looking out. It kind of slipped my mind. It's a cold night, those intents better have a snuggle buddy to stay warm, and a good sleeping bag.

Maddie and Liv catch a glimpse of her walking by, and their mouths both drop open. 'What the… hell… is

that relay Karly little sister?' Jenny and her boy turn to see what we're both them staring at. I see Shy- looking to form the steps. Jenny goes ashen at first-she looks afraid, which is beyond strange, for her… because of her- the type to say you're never too young to go down and get down. She loves to see young girls fall to their knees; I call it- 'Fallen too You.' It's when you get up everything for a boy, like your dignity, pride, and justice.

When you fall in every way- to me, it’s not about love… I have a hard time believing in something that I don’t find too real for me or can trust… like papa said- I should. Times have changed. To me, it’s trying to keep it, after the fact.

That's the color of Jenny, her skin is never that natural looking. What was the look on her face all about?

Maddie begins giggling hysterically until she doubles over and has to cover her mouth with both

hands. I don’t know what she could find funny. Then I see Ray and Justen are love drinks doing it on the pole table, with my little sis just eyeing it all up.

She knows- Ray is my guy, and Justen is her new bestie.

‘God save me if you can hear me!’ I am ready to rip someone’s head off and the skin that goes with it. ‘I can’t believe it,’ she- my sis says. ‘I can’t believe it.’ She looks back at me- like I know your heart has broken. Justen looked at her and said- ‘OH MY

GOD’ get her out of here. She was her to dance not see this. I grab her by the back of her short dress and take her into the next room and spoke. ‘It’s okay, everything is going to be fine no damn it go home!’

She said- ‘Know it’s not… Karley I did a No-no!’ (She still babies talk.) You’re never going to forgive me. I said- ‘I know you had sex, for the first time tonight.’ She said- ‘Yes, but…’ I said- ‘But… what… go on.’ She starts subbing. She said- ‘It was Ray that did

it to me, up in the master bedroom. He said- ‘That you would think it would be okay because I knew him.’ ‘So, I believed him.’ She added- During sex I bleed a lot out of there (and the point) and it hurt so much Karly, I cried the whole time. But I felt close to him… How was it I ask? And then she dropped the shocker of a lifetime. She said- ‘I think I am in love with your boyfriend, yet Justen just ripped him away.

She asks me the most complex question ever coming from the mind of a ten-year-old. ‘So, which of us girls do you think he loves the most? Is it me, you or her?’ I said- ‘I don’t know… she looks puzzled by that… just like I could not believe that I didn’t say- me.’

Kellie said- I feel a little sore but other than that I am a hundred percent perfectly fine emotion Madilyn and physically, up till this point at least.’ I whispered in her ear- ‘Aww sis, boys will say anything to get you to do

what they want. She has her head on my chest. No, I am not mad at you. I'll take care of this, 'I am not mad'- I said once more. On the other hand, inside I was pissed, she had the night that I have been planning for a long time.

I whispered- 'Sis now would you go home. I looked into those big sad eyes and said the only man you can trust is daddy remember that. Said- 'Okay, I- I- will.' We got up both heartbroken, I walked her to the door, I was asking around if someone would

give her a ride back into the city and get her home safely. (She left and that was the last time I ever saw her, and no- I didn't hug her.)

I have been betrayed, and I don't know why or who or the cause, or what for. All I know is that someone is the mastermind of all this.

But Is Ray that malicious?

~*~

#- Hashtag: (IDK! WTF! F2F, and FC)

You know how in flicks someone says or does something wick and the record scratches and there's dead silence all of a sudden in a fast impulsive? That is the crap that went down for the thread time tonight. I was not sure if I should add this in because my sis has been hurt enough, but… it's part of the story so I will. So, the music stops, that is when everyone in the room starts to pick up on the fact that my sis just-wet herself, and was freaking out about Justen and Ray, and all around- I hear 'Pink Pisser,' you

could see it through her light almost white dress. She still wet the bed from time to time and feels guilty about it when I have to wash her sheets late at night.

I gave everyone the stink eye, and the chatter started and we went off into the other room as I said. It was getting louder and louder and more insistent until it was continuous hum until it sounded like a breeze on the beach. Yet I don’t think that is going to hurt her popularity really if anything

her freak out is going to get her known. And everyone is going to know that she freaked out because she is in love with Ray and she did it with him. She walks slowly and confidently walks toward a car with Beth Thomas- I've never seen her look so shaken-shuffling her feet past all the campers and tents and kids around the fire.

I see Justen running after my sis half-naked. I hear my sis say to her- 'You're a b*tch, and she b*tch slapped her right a-crossed the face, which I

wanted to do, but like everything tonight someone got there before me. Justen said- ‘I thought you were my friend.’ There was some hair pulling and then I walked up and said- ‘I should be the one that’s pissed, you two- like he’s my boyfriend…!’ And there was like a gasp from everyone like they could be I said that… Everyone was looking out the doors and windows.

I overheard Bright say in the background- ‘You mean to tell me she still wants him after he did what he did

to her. Disgusting what a flack!' Kellie's voice was firm and too loud like she's deliberately addressing everyone in all the rooms and the yard. I'd always imagined her voice would be high-pitched like it was always jerky in-such, but it was deep and kick ass like a boy's. She meant business. It kind of slipped out what I said. I was just so livid, and I don't know why- I was done with Ray, but my emotions weren't. I see Marcel coming to my aid, in his footy PJ's, and he impressed me, and the chanting started to buzz, and he

walked with me back into- like- his house- like- I was his girl. I was amazed. I saw sis being driven off down the lane, and she waved, but I didn't even look up to see.

I remember my Pap saying- 'Don't let a boy wear the pants in your relationships.'

And I remember saying back- 'Pap it's not the 1950's anymore. Like no one wears pants in a relationship anymore or at all of that matter it's a partnership.' But I didn't know just how

true that was. He just grunted. It takes less than half a second for Marcel to feel a little better also when inside, and then before he got it out of his mouth I said- ‘We're done.’ His eyes got all watery. He said- ‘I think your sister needs to get new friends.’

I said- ‘You said it.’ Everyone was shocked at what all just happened.

Maddie is still giggling yet is more a nervous giggle. Liv’s mouth is still hanging open trying to say something, but nothing’s coming out.

Jenny is balling up her fists like she’s thinking of clocking Justen in the face.

Which I can believe. I know that it’s not for my defiance. And even though I’m infuriated and embarrassed, the only thing I can think about was Kellie being here: I never knew that she was so beautiful. Justen gets a bloody nose, but the boys broke it up before it got to be too much. I’ve never seen her so angry; I think her eyes are going to pop out, her head was like shaking. Her

mouth is twisted into a snarl, like a hungry wolf. For an instant, she looks really ugly. I hear Justen screams as the car is going the long lane. ‘I’d rather be a b*tch than a slut than bangs her sister’s boyfriend off.’

Maddie runs up to her like lightning, she is grabbing her by the shirt, and spits are coming out of her mouth, she hocked a loogie in right in her eye, and some of it went into her mouth, then she walks off like Miss.

Cool. Maddie is the only girl that I know that spits like that.

Yet, she is a tomboy. Justen tries to shove Maddie backward, but it was an epic fall on her part. Justen stumbles into my arms and you know what I did? I just dropped her.

(Thump on the ground.)

Jenny starts screaming, 'B*tch, B*tch,' and just like a slow clap everyone joins in, everyone follows Jenny, regardless. That is when I ripped

some random ass guy's been out of his hand and overturn it onto her head.

I said- 'That's for my little sis.' And then I kicked her in the ribs, (I am sure two snapped) and said- 'B*tch that what you get for what you did to me tonight.' Jenny said- 'Damn girl, when did you get so tough.' I said- 'I'm not… it's because I love my sis, and blame Justen.' Jenny said- 'Is that so…' (Thought to myself- what did that mean?) 'You should blame Ray,' she said. I didn't even realize I'm

screaming along with everybody else until my throat gets sore. It could be sore for other reasons too… yeah, that’s a possibility.

-You can see McCrory's shop in the background.

(Funny I would have much rather it has been Marcel’s crammed down than Rays tonight. I can believe I just thought that.)

Liv does the unthinkable and smashes the vodka bottle over Justen's head.

Saying- ‘That one way to get rid of it.’ It was empty anyway. We all knew that she would stumble away from that anytime soon. She was knocked out. Before Liv did that Justen gives me a look after the beer was dump out over her head… yeah know- I can’t explain it- it’s silly- but it’s almost looked like a pity look like she felt bad for what she did to me, like she had to do it or something, but didn’t want to. It was not over Maddie dropped her jeans in pissed right on her face, and took a small dump on her chest- her

goodies were visible to everyone, but that's Maddie she's crazy. All of the breath leaves my body in a rush, as Liv shoves tampons up her nose, and we all walk away.

'Payback is a b*tch!'

I feel like I've been punched in the ovaries, and I was slogged in the stomach… by you gusset, its Ray. He still loves to get drunk, off all the humps, rumps, and lumps he had tonight. Saying- 'What the hell are you guys doing to her? She didn't do

anything to you.' I said- 'Don't even talk to me ass hole- you're missed up!'

He said- 'Fine, you're a baby anyways. And he walked off all pissed.' (He is the one to blame, isn't he?) I said when he was walking off- 'If she gets knocked up at ten by you not pulling out, I will kill you!' I know this because she just started her period last month, and I had to be like her mom and explain everything, like always.

My girls had my back… when he walked off. I think that is why he

backed off. Oh yeah, without thinking, I chest bump them both as hard as I can, I felt like they saved me tonight. I am sure a fist bump would have worked but… you know.

They showed they carried for me. That is when I see Rays' phone on the windowsill, like most boys he is all laying it down… I go throw it and see an ammeter video of him taking my sis on Marcel’s mom and dad's bed, I deleted it, before everyone sees it, online and on their phones. I am sure

it’s been sent or is going to everyone that matters. I just hope I am not too late. And just like that, I see all the sexy texts and pics, so I drop it into a full cup of beer that someone left next to it on the sill. It’s bad enough she was popped and dropped like she doesn’t need that too, on top of it all.

Jenny is squeezing Kenneth like she is frightened or uncomfortable by all, that is around her with all this drama. I see him- we lock eyes for a moment. I think he saw me doing it

dropping the phone in. He was going out the door to aid Justen that was surely still passed out. I can't exactly tell what he's thinking, but whatever it is, it's not good. I look away, feeling hot and uncomfortable.

Like I should've done that.

Everyone's buzzing with energy now, laughing, and talking about Kellie. She had everyone fooled with her age. But my breathing won't go back to usual, and the feeling of all that vodka and beer is burning the

lining of my stomach, and more is creeping back up my throat, and I am holding it down. The room is muggy and feels airless revolving quicker and quicker. I need to lay down and fast or something. I overhear Marcel's voice coming from somewhere, I am so sick feeling to be 100% sure where from.

But I think he said- ‘it’s all going to work out.

She cares about me, and I care about her, and that's all that matters!’ I was feeling ‘Aa Haha cute’ inside.

I try to push my way back to the sofa, but Ray gets all up in my face and blocks my way. ‘What the hell was that about?’ He demands me to speak. ‘Get away from me, crap- can you let alone, please?’ I’m not in the mood to deal with anyone, and I’m especially not in the mood to deal with Ray and his stupid explanations.

‘What did- I ever do to you?’

‘Boy- you got that crap backward- what did I ever do to you, if anything- I fall to your leave to date

you.’ I had my arms crossed, tapping my foot. ‘I get it, you wanted to take a girl, and I could see that, which you did. But you should have stopped with Justen or me! Your second time was with me. I know this… your thread time was with my sis and I am pissed off about it. And your fourth was with Justen again. God, what’s wrong with you! Was there more than that? You’re not a virgin anymore- but she was and you were when you did it with her. I know- I’ll never be your virgin girl, that you wanted.

Is that it… am I ever- going to be good enough- to you? I got news for you- I don’t sleep around as you do.’ He scents his eyes at me.

‘Get away from me… GETAWAY’ I manage to squeeze past seeing the sofa in my sights, but he grabs my arm. ‘Why?’ he says.’ I don’t need a reason you should know the- because.’

We’re standing so close together I can smell my sis’s girl perfume she uses. Even though

everything else is blurry, I look into his eyes and see no love. He’s looking at me like he’s desperate to understand why I feel the way I do. It looks like I never gave you a ring or anything, so we're free to do as we please. He was like trying her to finger out something, I was trying to read his thoughts, and it’s worse, much worse than anything else he has said thus far. It’s scary not knowing what a boy is thinking, and yes- I am scared of him at this moment. Then Justen comes up and puts her

hands in his back pockets and starts grinding on his ass.

Like- I could not tell if she changed or not- I could not even see sight enough to tell, and the whole place smelled like crap anyways… so yeah. Anyways that is when his anger towards me pics, like never before.

The feeling I’m going to be sick is coming up again, so I make a step forward. I was terrified- and uncomfortable. I try to shake his hand off my arm, face, and boobs. He was

grabbing me all over. ‘You can’t just grab people, you know. You can’t just grab me that’s for damn sure.

You’re not my boyfriend anymore, nor will you be again.’ ‘Oh-yeah- keep your voice up so everyone nearby can see and hear us. I know how you like to do this crap, so the eyes are on you. Ray- Keep my hands to myself, that's not what you were saying before the party. Really cute Karly- you’re such a mother-freaking baby- and all the time too. He said to Justen

go and I'll see you upstairs… she wiggles her bubble butt off blowing Ray a kiss.

Ray makes sure she is up in a room. I see him looking up there. That is when he knocked me down on my ass with one push of his right hand and said so loud my ears started ringing. ‘I freaked your sister tonight because she is more mature than you and hotter than you’ll ever be. She had the tightest p*ssy, I ever had too. And with

you, it’s like throwing a hotdog down a hallway.’

‘Ah’- The sound I made was sharp and fast. ‘Look! - Get off!’ He said- ‘Ha- That’s what she said.’

‘Oh- and I am the one that needs to mature?’ I said- discussed. I prospered in shaking him off of me, by talking too loud and too recklessly, and pulling away with my body. But more like I was lying on the floor, somewhat carling away.

(You could ask Maddie and she would say I was flopping around like a dead fish.) I know I sound frenetic, but I can't help it, and I know that I shouldn't. When he walked off, he said- 'I don't know what your problem is… you don't own me.' (Like in my mind before this party, I thought he owned me and was going to be my soulmate or something like that. Maybe I have been too clingy?) And there is Marcel in the background shyly obsessing over me. I would never in a million years go out with someone like Marcel.

At that moment within that thought, I look up at Ray walking up the staircase and say the same thing. Wow- how a million years can just fly by, in a girl's mind. I would reconsider whether Marcel seems safe, easy, not my type that I've been going for but I suppose he could be? Should I have... let him in tonight, when I had the chance? Maybe I should wait... there's always tomorrow.

#- Hashtag: (Smackdown, it’s going down, and feeling down)

Chapter: 59

Tomorrow is coming

Tomorrow is coming, unlike me at this moment, and like everyone else in this house. I should be riding him like he's never been ridden before. I want him to yell my name so that everyone in the house will hear. I didn’t win blue rabbis for noting. It’s all in the legs… Yet back to reality. My mom said to me when I was twelve or so that I was over-sexed whatever that means.

My sis is the same as me… at that age, yet nothing said about her. Suddenly, I can’t breathe, with Marcel's unbreakable staring. I was not on the sofa long. He walks into the hallway back to his room, and I follow him stubbing. He stops and I see him looking at me, and I walk up to him. Then he leans in even closer to me, than ever before so close, I can feel his breath on my cheek, his lips almost touching mine. For a second, I think he’s going to try to kiss me and my heart stops.

(This is my chance should I take it or leave it?) Would I respect you if I did? Would I have respect from him if I didn't? What to do? I promised myself that I wouldn't just hook up with someone just because, any more than I wanted respect before and after. But he just put his mouth to mine, and our lips started touching softly, he was sucking on my lower lip and then he sucked my tongue, and I did it back, the kiss lasted like six minutes. I just wish you could have seen it… it was that good.

I was completely breathless! So, as he put his now wet lips up to my ear and said, ‘I see right into you, you’re not sure about me, are you?’ I said how do you know that? He said I can tell… I said back- ‘I can see into you too, and I know you love me, and I love that fact. It’s nice to be loved. Don’t feel that I don’t love you, it’s just that I close out everyone.

Love is hard for me to show. You understand that… as of now, I am in-like with you, but the love will come

if you keep being so sweet to me.' I started to kiss him again! It was great! The best kiss I have ever had in my life. My heart is pounding in my chest so hard I think it will explode. Yet I need to think with my head and not my heart it has hurt me too many times in the past. He turns to look at me.

So, ten minutes have passed or so, and I get a tap on the arm. So, I do a - girlie-like spin around, wishing I hadn't borrowed a pair of Maddie's ruby slippers. Something twisted a

little wrong, the room spins with me and I have to steady myself against the handrail of the staircase. It was Liv poking me saying- ‘I am not touching you!’ she said so this is where you sneaked off to. I was beginning to wonder if you went off with someone for the night. Marcel said, ‘Your boyfriend’s upstairs.’

Liv said- ‘Yeah she knows- that he is putting his winner in many girls tonight.’ I give her that look like go be somewhere… she got it, and said- ‘I

leave you too to get at it.’ I gave her a side hug before she walked back into the main space. Then I said to Marcel- ‘I don’t even care, now that I am with you. You know he took my sis virginity tonight the creep.’

‘He said- Wha-Oo, I would never do anything like that to hurt you!’ ‘I replayed yes I think you mean that.’ He whispered- ‘I do.’ I asked- ‘What do you think about that?’ He alleged- ‘I don’t think it’s right, and I don’t think he treats you right. I think he is kind of

shallow and unsympathetic, and just pathetic. Like she's just a little girl.' (He is holding me.) I said- 'Yeah and they both are underage, so he's not going to get into trouble for it. All he has to do is say she consented.

And no one will believe her if she says otherwise.' 'That horrible…' 'I no!'

~*~

I may be out of my mind tonight, but Marcel is looking perfect, to me almost superhuman, in his

awkwardly sexy body, that’s not perfect, yet molds perfectly to me, so I guess it’s perfect. I will never forget the first time I saw you; I fell in love with you, and I remember him saying to me, not believing it.

He is not fat, but not lean, he is muscular, but not overly buff. I am falling to those lovesick eyes, so dreamy. Like a liquid shin, and above suspicion. Tick messy hair, which I want to pull, and play with, and run my manicured fingers though. He has

chiseled faces, a strong jawline, which I never really took the time to look at. His skin is soft, some scruff can be felt when cheek to cheek. He’s her, somewhat dark, yet bronze under the twinkling lights. Soft white, warm skin radiating heat. Cute smile with almost straight white teeth dazzling indirect smile.

(Which do I love)

Perfect size lips soft and delicious. Long lashes, which rub against my face. He has to be tall; I

have to be on my tippy toes to kiss. The only thing that is out of place is his fashion style. I would just imagine everything else is just perfect. I don't get it, but when I am holding his hand, my heart is racing.

Then I thought to myself- Marcel… or him or her? 'Am I Falling Too,' you are a way that I have never fallen before? Is this me feeling genuine love? I think you know with the one I am falling to.

#- Hashtag: (up Cucking, panting, and alluring)

I see Justen looking down at me from the walkway overhead, I just gave her the finger over my shoulder without even turning around to see if he’s watching me. Like I was too into feeling him all up on me. It’s like a psychological instinct that comes from when little girls are born, they want to be held, it makes me and most girls feel so safe and loved. The only other man that has held me like this is my daddy.

Yet daddy is not this romantic. Even before I went down the hallway, and said about Ray, Marcel already seemed to know it is true, he knew. Like he already believed- that- I was falling to him. I had to think about what Jenny said. About how we would make a great couple. I know it: tonight, isn't the night after all.

(Haunting whisper)

There is always tomorrow… to find out if I want to have sex or date him or whatever.

I'll have to see how it goes. You know I can't trust anyone. Even if he is one of those nice type boys. I have to feel that it's right.

The mixture of displeasure and relief is so overpowering my mind. I knew that I would pick to have that pleasure if he kept being so passionate and felt right. I look down the tunneling hallway my eyes feel like kaleidoscopes, yet I can figure there are kids with sparklers and the firecrackers the sounds are going off within all the

colors I see. He has to hold me with my back against the walls or I am sure I would fall, I see Justen feeling the left of a rail of the stairs, walking over the entryway into their room feather down that hallway, up above me, me like they’re going to slip away any second, and share the rest of the night cuddling in bed. Is tonight the night I follow him to his room and crawl in with him, or isn’t tonight the night, maybe hold back until tomorrow? That kept running through my head.

Tonight, or tomorrow?

Tomorrow I'll wake up and be the same, regardless if I am in his bed or not. This earth will look the same, and everything will feel and taste and smell the same. What am I rushing it for, he's going to love me the same if not more is, I hold out? Maybe play that three-date rule.

My throat gets taut, just thinking about what we could be doing right now, also I have to think about what Ray and Justen are doing, and my

eyes start to tingle in ire, and all I can think at that moment is that it's all Ray's fault, that my sis has gone home broken-hearted.

Yet I don't want her spending the night here anyway, with him of all boys. It's funny how you can go from love to hate in seconds. Half an hour later the party starts to wind down.

Inside, everyone is just about passed out, at this point, I need to find a place to crash too. Then I thought, should I, or shouldn't I? My sis is one of

those shy ones around cute boys, and those are the ones you have to worry about because they are freaks between the sheets. I can see that somebody pulled the drooping icicle lights off the wall there getting crouched on by the others passing by.

They are getting tangled up in my feet, as I move. There twanging and shorting out from the broken blabs, in sparks lighting up the grime corners, like cups and broken beer bottles. You have to be careful like I see a lot of

girls with flip-flops on or barefoot running around not a good idea.

I think that I'm feeling better now until I move away from the walls, but I'm starting to feel more like the girl I should be around all my friends. 'There's always tomorrow,' Jenny walked up to me and said before going up to her bed when I told her about Ray, yet she seemed not suppressed and I ran the phrase over and over in my head like a chant: There's always tomorrow. There's always tomorrow. So

that is what I went with thinking… I am going to be with him tomorrow night. I see myself in the ornate hall mirror in the makeup that I replayed, thinking- ‘God Marcel loves this face.’ Every time I put on makeup it reminds me of my mom, I used to watch me bowed over her vanity, getting ready for dates with my father-daughter dates-and it calms me down. Until I thought about how that would stop and my sis got to go because I was always going out with my friend because it not- cool- to spend

time with daddy. Thinking- There's always tomorrow, to be with daddy.

Now- I see my sis bent over my vanity in my room doing that. Sometimes like I want the old days back, I could see that face, which I used to have in that glass as a flashback. Now all I see are lines running down my face, like lines of crack that I can see on the glass on the coffee table with the razor blade. Shoving a straw up my nose is not my

thing either, yet Maddie and Liv seem to enjoy it.

It’s the time of the night I like best when most people are asleep and it feels like the world waters are belongs lifted off my shoulders, as though nothing is in my way of having the time that I want, everywhere is darkness and quiet, soothing I like the dark, it’s where I see the bright points of my day. I may sleep with Marcel tonight, with everything on that is… or maybe on the floor, I don’t know yet.

The groups seem not to matter anymore. Everyone is open to anything.

Hell- I may just get on top in the nude, I am sure he would love that… however, I don't know yet. It's not like I know him all that well, it may be a little creepy to creep into his room and do that, or maybe not.

Jenny is always talking in preppy girly code. Like 'Totes ma goats, boat and fur coats- 'I am just standing there… like in the replay- 'Mary Had a Little Lamb.' Uhm? That crap gets

annoying! She is like a Yorkie dog barking in my ears, I am surprised at how hipper she is she doesn't piss herself. I swear she bounces when she bones and talks like she can do both miles a minute.

Maddie is leaving with Liv, they're going to sleep together tonight, and you know to do a little girl on a girl too, most likely, hey good for them. They are so stinking cute together. Maddie and Liv like they just belong together take their last names Hansom

and Jobs and combine them you get Hand-jobs, any everyone loves girls that give good hand-jobs. The crowd is thinning as people take off, a lot of them are driving home which is not the best thing to do with all the pain in the ass cope creeping around in the city. Looking for a teen to slam around.

But, it's still hard to move around in here or so it seems to me. Jenny keeps calling out, 'move it, excuse me, get lost, girly emergency!' all of us girls have been there, and it's

not fun. Know her as I do, she probably forgets to put a tampon back in, she so freaked up drunk and high.

Nevertheless, nothing clears a room faster than referencing a girly emergency. It’s like people think decrease, more the boys than the girls. Jenny and us girls found that out in seventh grade when we went on a field trip to Kenwood park, and I got mine after going on the phantom. You don’t know if you can run, but you can walk.

FUN! Ah- the thrills of being a woman, yet I was always kind of spotty.

Sometimes, I feel just like standing on a hill holding a dreamcatcher, wanting the perfect dream, however, the only thing I seem to have is nightmares, something I wish I knew what dream I wanted to be in because it is sure not my own.

On our way to Marcel’s room, I see two couples hooking up one in corners, and the other is a girl pressed against the stairwell- going hot- and

heave- with some sophomore boy. Behind closed doors, we hear the soft sounds of people giggling, gagging, crying, and snoring. Maddie knocks her fist against each door and yells out, ‘I don’t need any condoms and she points to Liv lady- business, each time, saying but you all do, you can have mine.’ She put them on the hall table. Maddie- ‘We’re heading off to bed to do the bump and grind.’ Then- Liv said to everyone in the rooms- ‘Yes I am going to suck and bite Maddie’s forbidden

fruit tonight.’ The ones that were awake that all cheered them on.

(All Right!)

Jenny turns around and whispers something to Maddie, and Liv and that really shuts them up, and they both look at me shamefacedly. ‘What’s that all about?’ I want them to know that I don’t care what they do. Or is it something else? What’s Jenny keeping from me?

Really- I don’t care- but in a way, I want to know. I do not care

about Ray or missing my scheduled lovemaking event of the night. Really- I am too drowsy to run all that passed my clouded brain. Too lethargic to talk it out with them now, I thought I ask, or know all about it tomorrow. That is when I see Marcel sneaking out of his room, oh boy- with a bathrobe open in the front, I see him drop it as he is getting in the foaming water of his off-limits Hot tub on his veranda.

That was my chance, I thought. I pass many doors going down to his

room, I see many freshmen, girls, with their heads in their hands and crying at the edge of a bed, after the fact of doing. I see more d*icks than I want too also. I see a girl taking a cold shower outside in this cold, talking to herself. Anyways- You know it, I got naked so fast in his room, and rain, as well as I, could and cannonballed in with him. He was suppressed, and he laid into me with the bubbles massaging us. I had my legs wrapped around his bully.

All we did was make out, truly. I wanted more, yet this time he was holding back, it was sweet. Yet there was something I was feeling about my bully, that said he wanted me.

And then I thought I have to play hard to get.

Make him work for it. Nevertheless, there was some rubbing going, on I will say. Where and when- I let you run that in your mind. I love to get my back and butt rubbed by his hands and every space in-between.

I said to Marcel so- ‘What’s wrong with her over there taking the cold shower talking nutty?’ I say, wondering if she is going to be alright. He said- Oh Kristy she got dumped and cheated on the night, they were in the pool house doing it and she saw it, and that ended it.

Tony was her boyfriend of four years and left her for a freshman boy. Tony said she turned him gay, is so freaked up in the head. I said- ‘Wow harsh.’ ‘No kidding, oh and now she is

not sure if she needs to get tested.’ Marcel said.

‘OMG,’ is all I said back. When her crying got so freaking loud that you could hear it over the bubbles. She clasped and was just let there to croak… I would say, no one cared about her. And of course, like always I can’t get the dead done, no-how. There is always someone with their eyes on me. Ray grabs onto my elbow. He pulls me out, legs like splitting on the wood

decking, I am like- ass naked. He rips me up from my wrist to my feet.

He is looking at my vagina. and little boobies on the front. That's where his eyes were locked. Saying- 'I can believe you did this with him. You cheated on me for this d*ick!' Justen is still hanging around his neck. She seems a little more- sober and running at the mouth. but her pupils are enormous, poking out at me like my nipples are picking out at her, and her eyes so bloodshot, she looks- like- she

eats a brick of crystal meth. I's- eyes are red from being under the water, so are Marcels.

You can believe it and shy and the other wannabe girl saw us together. And had to end it. I am naked, and Ray won't let me go, and Marcel is too cautious to get out of the tub as I want him to. Though I could see why.

He said- 'Karly let go I have a job appointment in the morning.' 'On Sunday, I said.' 'Yah!' He is dragging me by one arm over the wood, the

splinter is- going up my butt whole- I swear- to flipping GOD. My legs are getting cut up by nail heads sticking up. I said-

'I am not leaving with you; it's not going to happen. My hands slipping off random objects passing by, as he is pulling me into the house, to get his way. 'I am not your wife; you cannot act like I am.' He said- 'Stop it! With a kick to my side.' Marcel just looked from a distance, as Ray made me do what he wanted on Marcel's bed just like

before. I have a hard time just lying there, but what choice do I have?

Ray said- ‘I have you, now and always. The way I want you, anytime anyplace you're mine- you're mine. Regardless if I marry you or not. I own you! Don’t you forget it?’ ‘You don’t own me?’ I spoke. ‘Yes- yes I do!’ Ray said, finishing off with a grunt. All the same, I knew Marcel was not the guy for me either when he didn’t come and save me from this horror of getting beaten and used. Yet I get it…

I was not his girlfriend. But yet again, I was heartbroken all over again. Ray was getting off me, and then I said, pressing my luck; ‘What do you mean you own me?’ He said- ‘You’ll see.’ In an almost evil way. Ray is only like this when he is drunk. Maybe I should forgive him for knowing that.

Marcel finally comes to my aid, Ray was heading to the door, and Ray looks back at him, saying- ‘You’ll be better off, d*ick-weed staying away from her, or I will kick your ass up to

your face.’ Justen is standing over my shoulders shaking up and down like she’s convulsing, and just like that she grabs me, and hugs me so tight. Saying- ‘It’s going to be okay.’ I could have died. I am not the only one that is petrified. ‘They’re all gangbang!’ she said. She was crying on my shoulder.

At this time Jenny takes her cup and sets it on a side table, in bedroom three on top of Liv’s worn copy of Nevaeh. Why she has it I don’t know. Before going to bed she pockets

Marcel’s grandmother’s two-carat wedding ring too. Why I don’t know, it’s not like she is going to elope anytime soon or settle for one man. She most likes going to hock it.

(Hell- that ring may have been mine.) She always steals something from parties. She calls them her mementos. And that’s a big word for her- but yeah… I swear she would take a potty brush if she could get something for it. She has even taken a

thing from my room, like my blue ribbons, undies, and knickknacks.

At this time Ken is stretched out on a couch downstairs, and not with Jenny. But he manages to grab the hand of some freshmen girl to lie on top of him. They sleep together, I don't know who she is and neither does he, and names don't matter at this point.

I start to walk out of Marcel's room 'Where're you going love?' Marcel says. His eyes are distracted by the door, like looking to see if he comes

back, and the ones walking by, his voice is gruff. ‘Who-o, you love me?’ ‘I know I do- I always did; you just did want me too.’ I was creeped out more than ever. ‘You know a thing about me, yet you love me?’

‘Yes, I want you to have my baby’s too, and I want to spend my days with you.’ I was so freaked out at this point. This just is not normal… yet Marcel was never normal. But this is going beyond weird even for him. ‘Okay lover boy, let me go.

So, I can get something on.’

‘Not before a kiss and a selfie.’ I said-

‘Oh okay,’ even though we were both stark-naked, with the lights soft in the room.

(What could it hurt, I thought.)

I shove him off playfully. I said- ‘This is somewhat your fault, too, you need to grow some balls boy, and stand up for me, if you want me to be all this, you want me to be. Be a man, not a boy like Ray!’

‘I have balls!’ I said rolling my eyes and batting my lashes- ‘It’s a figure of speech, silly.’ ‘We were supposed to…’ His voice trails off and he wobbles his head, confused, then narrows his eyes at me. ‘Are you falling in with me?’ He asked. I said- I am not going to say it just to say it, I said I like you very much, you have a lot to offer even if you're silly, but love takes time for me. I may get there but, I have to feel it.

Yeah, know.’ He looked at me sadden. Then I said- ‘You’re doing okay.’ Even if he wasn’t completely like I am just not that mean. I kiss him- ‘Don’t stop,’ he said. I was winding back to being on the bus with him in my head. Thinking OH MY GOD, this is love, I have had it all along, and didn’t see it back then. Did I keep love away… am I running away from it? Am I going to run from it again?

Just like my mind reminded back in the past few weeks ago, back to

the moment when Ray leaned over, rested his head on my shoulder, saying I want to spend my life with you. What happened? That he and I wanted to sleep next to me, every night, and kiss me every morning. Like how can you change that much in a week or so?

Yes, go back to that soft moment, in his dark living room with nothing on under the blanket, the television flickering the sound faint mostly just hearing the sound of his breathing and my parents sleeping in

the next room over, going back to the moment, I opened my mouth and heard my wipers to that daydream. Yet I said it to Marcel without thinking- ‘I do- feel the way.’ At this time, I am lying on his bed, so sleepy. I didn’t even ask, I just crashed. ‘You are sleeping,’ Marcel nudges me. ‘You love me. Existent or not existent?’

I tell him, ‘Existent.’ Nodding off.

#- Hashtag: (Not enough Bubbles, Naptime, and two boys' one bed.'

Chapter: 60

Dawn arising

I am a girls-l I change my hair color as I do with undies, boys, and my mind about loving only girls.

'Our existence is drawn-out by chances, even the ones that are missed out on.' Sleeping with me is a lot like

the first step of dying. Running down a dream, looking for an answer that may never come. Yet when it comes, will you want to go or run the other way. It’s just like you never- ever fail to recall the appearance of the soul who was your last and hopes to save you from yourself. Your future life is shown to throw your dreams; however, I could see much of anything, and that was odd for me.

The only thing that was shown in this dream was my hand slipping

away for someone else's in the scary blackness. I was falling, and you were falling to me. Yet never together even in the dream. I am sure he is holding me, yet I was never really sure.

Something a guess is best left unknown. Or maybe I fainted in his arms and he put me to bed, I don't know.

I swear that I am going to have a sex consent document made, so I know when were, and how. I am sick of boys that freaking hard. I want to know

I am making love. I am sick of serenading my everything to anyone, that says they own me. Yet again I am on the pill, so I don’t have anything to worry about. The whole time Bela Lucas, one of Ray Hobro’s girl's best friends, is standing in the corner laughing at me, and Ray stumbles over to her and kisses her like they have been hooking up for months.

Marcel loves to call me Miss. Barns that’s so weird, he was doing that all night. He wants me to become

Miss. Vogel in the worst way even slips and calls me that tonight, along with that I can see it in his loving stricken eyes, he wants me. And he wants me more than to just bend me over as Ray does, he wants my whole entirely. Marcel would own me, on paper only by me took his name, yet I would have the freedom to do as I please. It’s worth thinking about. I know that I would not have a life with Ray, it would be nothing but bondage, pain, and crying myself to sleep at night alone in my bedroom. I don’t want that.

#- Hashtag: (Smack in the face, bedtime, and call me Miss Barns)

~*~

Note to self: ‘Just because a boy is hot or cool, doesn’t me he is going to be the one. Just because a boy is weird or odd, doesn’t mean he can’t be the one.’

I was out with the note to self-playing in my head, and then I awoke slightly when I overhear a battle. Marcel becoming my everything at that moment.

That is when crazy-eyed Ray walked back into the room about ten minutes after I passed out, and Marcel defended me, just the way I always wanted, my man too- do. ‘Are you cheating with my girlfriend, Vogel?’ ‘Not cheating takes your place ass hole.’ ‘Is that so?’ said Ray. Marcel- ‘Yes- that is so- so go freak yourself and get out of here you're drunk!’

Ray said- ‘She won’t be yours for long, she’ll be nothing but your

hunting recollection.’ Ray pulled out his belt and was going to hit us with it.

He didn’t though… He said- ‘She’s not worth it. I already got what I wanted, when I did this to your little sister, oh how she screamed when I had her typed down and wiped her ass nine times, and rammed it in. Revenge is on its way, with you in another way. You see these skies blue petite underwear their heirs. (He’s trolling them around his index finger by the stings.) I used them to tie her hands together.’ He

threw the undies on my face and said- ‘inhale that!’ The door slammed shut. I drifted off once more, I could stay awake.

I only liked having one eye open during the whole thing. I heard the sounds of Marcel getting up and locking the door. Getting back in with me and cuddling up. I knew that I was safe in his embrace.

If you ask others what went down in that room, you’ll hear many differing takes of the event. Some will

say that Marcel jumped on the back of Ray and ripped his slicks off, as he was clawing at the door. Some will say that Ray's head budded Marcel and that’s how he falls into bed with me. The freshmen girls will say, Marcel and Ray were wrestling; they don’t know any better. Others in the living room will say they heard a little scuffling around the room, or things being knocked to the floor. Some might add that they heard sounds like the headboard hitting the wall.

With to gay man going at it-roaring. Some knew that I was in the room, though it was a threesome.

Oh, boy how gossip gets going… and the fun fact of it all is that I didn’t do anything. I am telling the truth or God strikes me dead. Either way, Ray ends up getting Marcel down on his knees. And then they’re both on the floor. Come to think of its Ray always gets yeah on your knees. From what I heard girls were yelping looking in the doorway, at what they saw.

Someone cries out, ‘Where a condom!’ I was told that Mark Formare said- ‘You don’t want crap on your d*ick.’ Yet I don’t think that is true. Like whoa what did happen…? I am butt crazy infatuated with Marcel; I just hope Ray isn’t too.

~*~

I am almost all the way asleep when I feel a little squeezes’ from behind. I knew he was there. I could feel, just like I could feel his arms rubbing mine. Soothing me off to La La

Land. If anything happened, I was not awake to know, yet I don't think he likes that. Even so, I wouldn't mind if he would- is that weird? I would love to be rolled over on my belly, feeling him go for that tight squeeze position on top of my backside, yes feeling it all as I dream about us. Is that strange? Yeah, I know, I am messed up!

There comes a point where you're both out, but as a girl, you wake up because you have to go pee in the night like three am or so. I look at the

time and think I have to get a move on. ‘I can’t just leave him,’ I say, though a part of me wants to. It is not normal for me to wake up with a man the day after, I normally split. ‘He’ll be fine.

I am looking back lusting.’ I was pondering what I should do. Say or go? I have to go. I hopped in his bathtub and washed up, so when I got home mom would not freak at how I looked. Let’s not forget she thinks I was at a sleepover with my girlfriend’s,

doing homework, painting our nails, and girly stuff like that.

I had my toilettes in my bag, so I brushed my teeth and hair. I keep the T-shirt and put it back on with my jeans and other things. I walked past his bed hair still damp, I blew him a kiss and said- ‘See you at school Monday.’ He was snoring a little. I know he didn’t even know I was gone, or I said that. I unlocked the door, locking it back up as I walked out, knowing if I shut it, I’m not getting back in. I closed his

bedroom door softly, then I walked down the hall, and everything was dead still. I was scared crapless; it was pitch black. I didn't know who would jump out at me. But I have to go, it was time, and I knew that I was going to leave with the girls to be home before five am. To make it look like I was home long before that time. And with Jenny its takes' a lot of time for her to get her crap together in the morning, that's why she is always speeding in her car.

~*~

Sunday’s mom and dad like to drag me out for crappy eggs and toast, with my sis at the Rusty Anchor it’s like a café opens at seven am. Down in the lobby of or apparent building. They say it’s the only family time we all get to have all together. It’s so-o painful to sit through. The meal is free for us kids, that's why we were there, I have been saying I’m younger than I am on the same server for years now. I have to say I’m only twelve, and where a paper hat with a baby bib of the cartoon logo

with the caption Wet Willie on it. Like, get real!

Yet my sis never seems to mind this embarrassment. My dad makes nautical jocks and says R- thought the meal. R- You having fun? R- You winches going to walk the plank? He picks me and my sis in the arm with his egg cover fork saying- Scallywags! I love my dad, yet I just want to say fork you, and leave! My mom never looks up, yet I know she's just trying to make it through the meal too. My sis is

giggling, and I just roll my eyes, sucking on the straw of my peewee juice box.

~*~

I know if I run into Ray he is going to be so pissed still. Yet I have to walk past all these doors and go up the steps to find my girls. I see Jenny as a spread eagle on the bed more than I wanted to see. She must have gotten into a fight with the covers, because they were all on the floor, as her clothing. I wake her up saying- 'Hey-

hey- we need to get going soon.'

'Already?' She's groggy- yet

Jenny knows I'm thinking about ditching Ray and leaving him here at the after-party.

She knows me and how I am. Like I plan on going with him last night as you know, that didn't happen. She said- 'So you're coming with us?'

I said- 'Without a drought!' She grumbled- 'Okay.' You and Marcel didn't hit it off? Jenny asked. I said- 'Yes, you were right about him… but

my mom, she'll kill me if I am not home to have our family time. You know how she is…' Jenny- Yeah I know she's a b*tch!' Jenny is not on her feet; she gives me a quick side hug. 'Remember what I said.' 'I said- I'm not going to remember anything until you cover up your junk.'

'Oh- sorry.' She spoke. She starts singing 'High Highs' by Open Season, as she gets decent, as I walk back out into the hallway, I wonder if Ray is looking at me. I hear: 'Get on

your knees in the fire, you can leave it, all in your mind, it is all in your mind.’ For a moment my stomach tightens on the inside, thinking they're all going to be making fun of me at school Monday at lunch, but it’s a coincidence… what happened.

Jenny didn’t know me when I was little, yet I knew that she was in course, until it was no longer cool for her to be. She is an amazing singer. I was in the band but even back then she wouldn’t even have spoken to me then.

Come to think about it, she was more-nerdy than I was, back then she even wore thick eyeglasses, that were taped for being broken in co-ed gym class.

I remember the day little Ken Kicked a ball in her face, just to make her cry. She has no way of knowing that I can sing too and play music. When I was a little girl, I wanted to become a pop singer, I used to lock myself in my room with the sing-along with late 1990's soundtracks, using my hairbrush like a mic and belting out

lyrics Like- ‘Hit me, baby, one more time.’ at the top of my lungs until my mom and dad would say stop or you’ll be kicked out and have to live in a box on the block, stop or you're grounded.

Sometimes the apartment next door would compline. The old lady down stars would hit her ceiling with a broom handle. God- I was such a little Britney, I had the look too- sort of. Those are the songs I played over and over no wonder my friends and I grew up all messed up.

~*~

‘Suckish party, huh?’ Maddie says, coming up on the other side of me, from down the hallway. I know that she is pissed that Dilco showed up and wanted to be with Liv. She said- ‘I’m glad she said it worked out, yet I depressed that Liv won’t be having that baby. I don’t know if I could see us as mothers.’ I looked at her like you got to be kidding me. The sound of the sleet is thunderous betting down on the roof. It’s coming down so hard that startles

me, knowing that the roads will be a sheet of black ice. Maddie said to me while Jenny was doing her thing.

'I'm supposed to me Liv down on the porch, she is sitting on the swing. So, come down with me Karly,' she said. For a twenty-minute or so, we all swing together under the porch attics, looking at it is dumping down on all the kids sleeping the mud intents a-campers, waiting on Jenny.

Mud is even spaying upon, with the ice rain, and that is all I need.

I want to stay clean, so I don't have to change to go-to breakfast when I take these clothes off to crawl into bed. We were all making little puffy clouds with our breath, contemplating hugging ourselves from one of those oak trees, like it would be far less painful than sitting here with our ass cheek freezing. Yet this is where Jenny said- to meet up with her. Water is falling in steady streams from the eaves and over the gutters.

Jenny only said she would be a couple of minutes. We should know by now that it is a big lie. Mandy Jan Smith got a Bebe gun and is firing rounds into her ex Sang Yung Dong's car, even though she has a restraining order. His parents own Chinatown Inn Chinese restaurant, downtown. Yet he acts like he is going to be a big-time rapper someday- Nope… not going to happen.

Yet with Mandy Jan and some girls like her, they don't know when to

give up. You should see that car, like the headlights, is shamed along with the side glass. Maddie was saying that she heard it from a friend that heard it from a friend, that she threw an empty beer bottle at his face last night. Yicks- I kind of know Mandy Jan, she seems corky but friendly. She sits next to me in math class sometimes. The gunshot makes an ear-splitting crack every time and makes us all jump.

Young girls are running around topless, or nude still it’s complete anarchy.

The craziness never stops till the cops come. And out this far they're not coming. There are no neighbors to call the cops for miles. Boys and girls are chuckling and shouting and running in the rain dancing around like fools, some are running and sliding, like a very muddy slip and slide in the yard, some of the boys are all shalong and

the ball’s out. It’s gross when you’re hungover and freezing.

The cold rain is coming down fast and hard. Everything appears as though it’s being wished into everything else, like looking in the door of a washer at the laundromat. The grass is tossed up, immense murky pits of mud are exposed, and girls are fighting in the pits. It's so disgusting. Like there scraping all over one another.

This party has gone too far. Marcel wants everyone out at nine a.m. Yet I don't think that is going to happen. Like how is he going to explain this or clean it up in time? His mom and dad are going to freak when they see this place! I would stay and help, but I have to be home soon. No one is going to help him clean up this disarray.

Yet, the price to be somewhat cool in high school. Headlights are flashing on the bodies, by the cars that are mudding or leaving. Looking

around all you can see are peculiar-looking woods and the driveway that snakes through being washed out by sheets of water. ‘I think I would be warmer if I was dead,’ I said joking around. (Amusing not thinking that was a true statement.) At about the same time, we hear little Hanna O’Conner vomiting behind us. What a great way to start the day.

Jenny sprints out the door, looking sexier than ever, the storm door bangs and rattles on the hinges

‘Run you guys!’ Jenny yells as she passes up like lumps of crap. I feel Liv tugging on me, saying come on. She is not going to wait up. I grab Maddie’s hand, and she's already holding Liv’s, and then we’re running all hand and hand, blaring profanity, and giggling in the chilly shower blinding us gushing down our hair, tops, and bottoms.

The mud in Maddie and Liv’s flip-flops is just oozing, and gushing in their shoes between their toes; their cute toenail polish is toast. My landed

ruby slippers feel squishy, and one gets stuck, and I have to lean on Maddie on one foot to get it out of the mud. As Liv is pulling my arm.

The icy rain is so firm it's like everything is shiny liquefying everything away, yet the trees all look heavy as they are solidifying. By the time we get to Jenny's Ford Focus, at this time I certainly don't care about the terrible way the get-togethers turned out for the reasons that we're chuckling uproariously, nevertheless

saturated from head to toe and trembling, roused up from the unsympathetic and bitter downpour, yet amused at each other’s appearance.

#- Hashtag: (Powder your nose and let’s go, three girls one swing, and saying goodbye.)

Jenny yells from the driver's seat- ‘Ugh I am so wet!’ Liv said to Maddie nagging her arm with hers- ‘Yeah we no, you’re always that way.’ The inside joke is so much fun when Jenny is clueless. All the same Jenney’s

crying boo-hoo tears about her and our wet butt making marks on her fuzzy pink and zebra cloth seat covers, and all the mud on the floor carpet, she doesn’t want us messing up her Walmart replacement mats either. Yet like if you look at the flip-flop air freshener hanging from the rear-view marrow for too long, she starts giving you this long story of how her first time gives her that to remember him by it was in his car.

It doesn’t even smell good anymore… yeah, it’s that old. I saw a bolt of lightning cracks and it looks like it was right next to the SUV, Maddie said- ‘You’re not going to have to worry so much about the mud, but more about me making pee stands on your set. I am still not wearing undies. Liv giggled, saying the same here, they started touching each other inappropriately. I am thinking to myself sluts! I see looking over my shoulder a little squeeze here and a little grab there. That's why I take a shotgun, so they

can roll around in the back seat, and play around.

Liv is begging Jenny to go to Bob Evans Farmer's Choice Breakfast, and complaining that I always get a shotgun, even though she wants to be next to Maddie. Maddie is shouting for Jenny to turn up the heat, so it reaches the back.

Yet, Jenny said- 'No- cool it.' I have to defog the windows first, so I can at least see some. Even so, this car is so old I am not sure if I can get it

warm enough for you.’ Liv is being overdramatic, and intimidating says- Oh my flipping God Jenny, I am going to die from pneumonia.’ I was thinking about it… but didn’t say anything, I knew it wouldn’t do any good. I entertained myself drawing on the steamy window with my finger.

I don’t know why… but every time we girls start chatting as it starts with food, then all types of sex and way of having it with boys and girls, that leads into death, and how as well as

when. I guess that’s how we get underway with chit-chatting about it: disappearing, you know kicking the bucket in all.

Maybe Jenny is right, maybe that is the only thing in life that is worth talking about? like what do you do when you're too old to bang hard, barf on heaven's gates to forget how sucky life is, or wait slowly to die sober? I assumed that Jenny was all right to drive, she seemed all good and such, even though she drank as much

as three all combined. She is different about the need to speed.

I look at the dash and see the needle pointing at seventy-five… like that would be okay with me if we would be on the highway yet were not. My teeth are chattering in my head. My kidneys ratted, and my little boobs gigging, a witch that's amazing. I have not been this bounced around since I was on my exquisite mare- Wonder. Anyways, I notice she's going faster than what I think she should for this

long, confined, and twisting driveway, that is not paved.

The trees look haunted bare frameworks with demonic hands branches lathed with dripping Ice trying to rip throw the glass. You could hear their unnatural cries moaning in the wind, even though all the windows of the SUV were slug it conjectured its way through the gaps. I have my iPod in my lap with one earbud in my ear, on the scuffle, a song was about only half through when I heard:

‘The road to hell is paved with good intentions, or so they say, and some believe. That's no-good deed. Goes unpunished in the end or so it seems.’ That is too creepy! I was panicky, however hiding my worried feelings, as the song ended, and the battery just seemed to die out of the blue.

#- Hashtag: (Ice cave pathway, spooky wind, and the road to hell?)

Chapter: 61

Burring, heated urges, with the chill of death

‘I partake in this philosophy of passing away,’ I’m proverb as Jenny spins out on 79 and the tires screech spinning dramatically on the slick ghostly road. The green on the gray clock on the dashboard is shining: 6:16. ‘I have this theory that before you die you see your high points and you're low like a slideshow of both.

What do you all think? I got an- ‘Um- maybe?’ From Liv and Maddie, slightly taking part in my question, and a shoulder shrugs from Jenny, she said- ‘When where we are dead, we're dead. I don’t think you see anything or go anywhere other than in the ground or someone’s old vase on their mantle.

‘How do you know?’

Then Jenny said something smart. How would you? It’s not like someone has come back to life to tell us. And if they do, can you believe it?’

(Nevertheless, she was not around when I was ten almost died, getting bucked from my horse and hitting my head on a rock. Or when daddy was bathing me and my sis back in the day and he was sidetracked, and I went under for too long. Or when I was put under to have my umbilical hernia repaired at five. I have like this half Innie button by the way, that I am iffy about. Either way, right now I have it covered up with my dangly butterfly ring. I think I saw something unexplainable at those times. Even so, I

just let Jenny have the floor. Right or wrong Jenny always wins.)

~*~

Yet, the question was still there of what were the highlights- of your- life, or the lowlights. So, I asked- ‘What’s the top and the bottom things you’ve accomplished?’ Jenny said- ‘A lowlight was when I fell asleep laying out in the sun and got so red that I could even move, for like a week when I was fourteen.

Maddie and Liv's were almost the same. Saying- 'It was when we came out to our parents.' Jenny slams on the brakes, mouth hanging open saying- 'Whoa you're gay for each other?' I said- 'Thank you captain obvious!' Maddie said to Jenny- 'You're so slow you should be in the sped class!' Liv giggled, well rubbing her hand softly on the inner part of Maddie's upper leg!

Jenny- 'Shut up b*tches!'

Maddie and Liv- ‘No!’ They say in unison, with the same vice pitch.

Jenny- ‘Lezbos.’

Maddie- ‘Jenna Talya!’

(Jenna is her birth-given name, yet we have to call her Jenny for… well, I think you get it. Even Jenny is not perfect. Like where her parents stoned when they named her? That’s going to be so-o embarrassing for her at graduation!)

Jenny- ‘I told you never to call me that!’

Liv- ‘Okay- Ice princess.’

Then Maddie said- ‘No babe more like-

‘Icer!’

‘What’s that mean?’ Said Jenny. ‘Look it up, Jenny… that is if you can read.’ Said Liv.

Me- ‘Stop it you all God, get back to my question!’ Jenny looks at me like she could rip my tongue out, for speaking. All at the same time she is hugging the middle of the road while

driving. And I want to yell about that too, but I don't.

'Richard, baby Rich,' Jenny says and takes one hand off the wheel and jerks her fist up and down in the air while doing some hip thrusts at the same time. (Jenny knows how to work those hips. I look out of the corner of my eye.) The First time I hooked up with him was in eighth grade, um- that boy gives me my first rolling eye into the back of my head orgasm, which made me shake all over, as I was

holding tightly sinking my fingernails into his ripped senior body!' (Jenny starts doing the 3-fingered point shot on herself while drawing and talking about him. I try so hard not to look at her. Don't look… I think to myself, yet I do… I could not help myself.

(I am thinking god- I'm likely to get 2 in mine, and that is pushing it. Then again, I am not a complete suite.) Liv said- 'Mine was with you, Maddie.'

Maddie- 'Same!' She said back straight away.' Yet in her vice, there

was uncertainty, as Jenny was about to blow. (Yet she yells at us about the sets, yet for her it's okay.) Like really, I thought Liv would have said Dilco, or some random boy's name. Like how can a girl give you more than a boy, when a girl doesn't have what another girl needs, to keep life, love going? I have tried it, yet I always come back to the boys.

Maybe it's because I want a family someday… and babies, and well a hard d*ick, lol. I don't know… I am a

girl that wants what she wants when she wants it, and how she wants it to be. Yet that doesn't mean that I may not change what I want.

I'll tie anything once, like death you can only do that one time though.

#- Hashtag: (A loaded gun, girls on the run, and sex talk is fun)

~*~

Before I and Jenny started hugging like I never thought about all this stuff. I was happy to go to the park,

or ride a bike, or go swimming, or just be a kid- or teen girl.

However, Jenny made me hunger for what she had, back then by forcing it on me. After Jenny finishes up, she lights up and puffs the smoke out onto the side of my face. (Awesome just wanted, my hair too smells like an ashtray when I get home.) I groan and lean forward to plug my charger in where the lighter goes while reaching for my iPod. 'Need so relaxing music, please, before I murder myself.' Maddie

and Liv have the same iPod going, sharing one earbud headphone site. It's not like we all could have one song playing. Yet we get sick of the crap Jenny has on. 'Can I get a cigarette?'

The wildlife crossing the road don't stand a chance. Liv asks, and Jenny pops it in between her lips and lights it up for her, really stretching her arm backward. Jenny shoves one in my mouth lighting the butt end she's holding, not looking to see what's right

or wrong. Saying- ‘Baby girl live a little, this might be your last cigarette.’

I thought why not turn it around, I already smell like smoke, and I have not had one in a long while. Jenny cracks the windows in the back only, and the cold comes in with a mist. Then Liv starts to complain about the cold again. Jenny said- ‘Well we have to get the smoke out.’ Maddie takes a hit off of Liv’s cig, saying- ‘Cuddle up with me I’ll keep you warm.’ I knew that she had to be shivering- because I was.

Jenny rips my iPod out of my hands and plugs it into her tape deck converter. I was so embarrassed I was playing ‘I want to know what love is,’ by Foreigner. It's so not cools to like a mushy love song, yet I do. This kind of music pisses Jenny off, she says it’s sexist, old, and boring. Yet to me at least it has a melody.

I don’t know why Jenny did it… maybe because she was sick of hearing Liv whining, and I with my earbuds shocked my ears talking too loudly, and

Maddie's cell phone making that annoying clicking sound when she texts Liv who is sitting right next to her. Maddie calls Jenny an ass stopping in mid-text, and frees her seat belt, leaning forward trying to grab the iPod off Jenny's lap to give it back to me. She thought it was an invasion of my privacy or so she stated. I never wear a seatbelt. I can stand them. I feel like I am being strangled.

'They say to know a girls' heart just listen to her playlist.' I think that is

true. Jenny's nags that someone is breathing heavily down the back of her in the neck and that someone is Liv open mouth breathing as she is talking and snuffling, she must be coming down with a cold. Jenny said- ‘Cough it up it’s not yours!’ I reach into my handbag for a crumpled-up napkin and say- ‘Here now blow,’ I felt like her mother doing that you are holding my hand up to her nose and all. Yet that’s what friends are for. The cigarette drops from her mouth and lands between her thighs when she sneezes

bogies- snot on the back of Jenny's head and Barbie doll bleach blond hair.

(Yummy!)

Jenny starts more operations than ever before, trying to brush the snot out of her long blond locks with her hands. Grossed out as she is doing it. The cigarette falls from her lips as her mouth drops open. This all happens at about the same time. Now the lovers in the back are fighting even more with Jenny, and squabbling with one another. Maddie said- 'If you need to

sneeze you could have pointed it at me, for all I care.'

Liv- 'Sorry!' Yet Jenny thinks the sneeze was internal. And it may well have been.

And Maddie being Maddie starts pulling or removing the mess as she called it, from Jenny's hair. All the same Jenny's thigh is starting to get burnt. Maddie pulls so hard that she rips out one of Jenny's extensions.

Now Jenny has no hands on the wheel, as we wave in and out of the

oncoming traffic lane, the music is blasting also, so us girls are yelling overtop. Instead of hitting the sound down, I turn it up in a panic. Amplifying AC/DC's 'Highway to hell.' (Ironic) And I'm over here just trying to talk over them, jog their memory that we're all friends, and Jenny needs to focus on the road. 'Yet it was more like you'll shut-the- freak- up!

So, she can get me home on time.' Not the best way to say it. Yet I do have a way with words, like when I

am cheating death, or pissed, or hungry, or on my period, or a boy is being an ass to me, or my sis is getting on my nerves, or I am hating on my mom and dad for being dumb, you know times like that. The clock pulses onward: 6:32. The tires slip slightly on the wet road, and the car is occupied with all the cigarette smoke, little threads of it are rising underneath Jenny's kitty, like spirits still trying to get out of there.

Jenny slams on the brakes and stops dead on the highway. Maddie's face slams nose-first right in between Liv's, perky boob calving. Then the SUV rockets forward abruptly, and at that moment there's a flash of silver in front of the SUV.

(Now where are you up to the moment of the crash, where the angel of death was chasing me down.) Why Jenny slammed on the gas like that after she stopped to freak out, I will never know? She's not that psycho… is

she? Was this the plan all along? Like she had to know that she was not going to make the sharp cover and that she was going to hit a tree, she had to. Did she snap, did she want us all to die? Or just me? Did you just feel that? As I said Jenny yells something wicked-some gibberish swear words, that I can’t even make out, and suddenly the car is thumping and bent in half around a tree on the highway, next to the lonely shadowy ice cover opening of the woodlands.

I was not sure what was going on to tell you the truth. I make out a horrifying, shrieking sound-steel on steel, and cracking splintering sounds of wood going through my body, mixed with glass shattering, cutting up the side of my face and shoulder, a car folding in two like a taco-and with the smell of depth and fire. And yes, just so you don’t ask, I did infect pooped myself, yet we all do when we die, gross… but true.

Like- I said- ‘Jenny always had a way of scaring the crap out of me.’ At this time, I have nothing but my life fishing before, and what I saw was not what I saw when I was living it. It was more shocking to see my life form than proactive. I was in shock, blacking out, and the photo show was coming to an end. The last birth I remember taking in was a whiff of Jenny’s cigarette smoldering out and at that moment… There was nothing.

Nothing… nothing… nothing… It was complete- emptiness, sadness, with the feeling of being lost in- universe, vanished and frozen within time.

That’s when it transpires. The instants of death- are full of flashing scooching warmth, with the sound of people crying out for help with no hope to be savvy, with the feeling of pain inside and out, that will last endlessly. The last sent I remember smelling was that of daring roses the boys sent us.

When you go down, you’re the funnel that keeps the death within you burning, like me, you never believe in the farming heat until it happens, your bag to the Gods for it not to be so, asking not to go down. Yet by that time, it’s too late… you've swallowed up the hole and consumed, like a naked soul falling too- the devil’s children, you're tariffed- all you can see are raging fire, nothing else. No one is going to save you- ever!

The smell of burning flesh is repulsing, and that is always. It’s like being in one of my scary dreams, I know I am falling though there is no up or down, no walls or sides or ceilings, just the sensation of falling to the pits below, with darkness everywhere until I get to the bottom.

You can cry all you want, but your tears just dry up, instantly in the heat. In this quote hell, you've branded nothing but a number and lift to never be seen again infinitely. You’re in

complete havoc, a scary nightmare that never- ever ends, just slowly harassed by these dark entries playing within your mind to the point of insanity.

They love to toy with you and make you feel helpless. You’re all alone, yet never left alone, with nothing left to feel the regret, defeated down to nothing but wallowing in self-pity! In this place, you have to be strong! You may move out and up if you see where you went wrong in your living life. Only if you have the epiphany to get your

seven stabs. Yes- I have found out that you have seven times to get into paradise. Up till now, that is not as easy as it may sound.

You have to earn it.

~*~

You have like do-overs, like being in a Déjà Vu dream, that alters the space-time continuum. Think of it this way- life is like nothing but a preset sci-fi video game conjured for one higher power enjoyment, we are the main characters in this game. The

one behind the concealment (We call that person on earth God, and the programmers that make it happen behind their smaller screen we call them angels.)

Nothing in time happens, it’s all just a challenge to see where going at the end when it comes. I have seen how this all works now that I am dead, how things are made and dragged and dropped onto the earth, and other plants that have a life.

Like a place called Vie, a planet not yet discovered by the living earthlings. They are so unlike us, yet have the same things we do and more just in a different way. I'll try to describe it, yet you would not believe me.

Incredibly beautiful, especially at nightfall. Everything, that is living, has some sort of glowing feel.

The brightest coolers you have ever seen. Trees bigger than skyscrapers, Trans that float as the

race by. All kinds of floating glass homes, connected by vines that glimmer with cascading waterfalls, incredible stone structures are arching all over that connect the one floating island to the next. Star covered the skies with many big moons.

Vie has these humanoid people called La-Marie's, they look so much like us it’s daunting. Their skin is so much more transparent than what we have, their body’s completely hairless (every earth girl’s dream right.) Yet

they have long hair on the head that lights up, in a wispy way, every pulse of their heartbeat there a flash of light within their body, most of them have blue eyes that glow at night. Their vans light up at night, also bright indigo.

Oh, and they have seven fingers and toes with one hand or foot. Why I don’t know. The USA space program will get to thereby solar spaceship and land on that planet in the year 2075.

Yet, I am not sure if that is a good thing. And I don't want to get too unbelievable, so I am going to stop there before I get into trouble.

Anyways with Earth and life itself, it's all programmed, like a scene out of The Hunger Games control room. It all can be changed, with a flick of a switch or a say, and you can look down into the world where we once lived and see it all play out, it's all arranged from conception to death. It's already mapped on this big screen. Everything

we call era or lifetime or ordinary life is just a hallucination.

That’s why we sleep to be programmed for the next day, based on the choices we made the day before. Life is a gift that is a gift, don’t piss it all away or you’ll be terminated. Just remember every birth is accounted for.

At this time Marcel most likely has woken up slightly to see that I am gone.

Saying that he is so lovesick for me, to himself before going to the

bathroom. I have been lovesick before. It's not fun, it pulls and triangles at your heart and junk until you can’t take it anymore. And you have to be with them- one way or another. There is always a way if you see, that you love them.

Jenny- Love without the glove is okay, I say to all my girls if you’re a girl like me. Um- I have Mirena birth control, this me is better than any pills you can pop, you’re not killing life, yours prevent before it happens… and

that’s smart. Mirena/ Skyla prevents pregnancy, most likely in several ways: Thickening cervical mucus to prevent sperm from entering your uterus, inhibiting sperm from reaching or fertilizing your egg.

Thinning the lining of your uterus. While there’s no single explanation for how Mirena works, most likely, the above actions work together to prevent pregnancy for up to 5 years. Mirena does not protect against HIV or STDs, dah- where you

can choose to not have a baby for up to three years or have it removed at any time to have just that, yet a 14- 17 why do you want to think about babies all you want is to feel good down there with a boy, with no risks, so I can have as much sex as I want to when I want how I want and with as many boys as I want to, and they can cum inside and I don’t have to hide the fact that I want them too.

And it’s safe, and I only have a period 3 times a year, yet you feel the

need to plug it up more… aw, the drawbacks of having, sex all the time… yet come one right.

You can have this done at sixteen without mom and daddy even knowing, so if you want to get popped at 16 you can, and there's not a thing they can say about it, I pissed my dad off yet it's my life, and that's how I feel about my girls- do you- for you- freak the world that not getting it.

There are risks with this implanted in you- but it's not baby

killing so for that I feel good about being me. It’s as easy as sitting on a boy’s lap at a Pittsburgh Steelers game and feeling good about it, I remember doing that at 12 for the first time… with a cute boy- love was starting with me, and these feelings I can help but have for boys.

#- Hashtag: (Hocking a loogie, you’ll only see me now in your dreams, blind hit, and whiskey throttle)

Chapter: 62

Gone at Seventeen

The ministry of depth has fallen to me like I have fallen to it, and it’s so magical at the start, and then so frightening, it is bloodcurdling not knowing the end of the end. DEATH- I know some of you are thinking maybe I deserved it. I get that I think I do too, even my sis said- I had it coming when she found out I was roadkill. Maybe I shouldn’t have sent that rose to Jull’s, or maybe I shouldn’t have dumped my

drink on Justen at the party and fought with her over Ray, or maybe I should have never shown my sis how to do that stuff.

Maybe, I shouldn't have copied off my classmates' quizzes. Maybe I should have let Ray have his way with me. I still have not fully fallen out of love with him, I know that I should. Maybe I shouldn't have said those things to Ray. Maybe I should have saved myself for marriage? Maybe I should have kissed more losers to make

them feel good about themselves. Maybe I should have stayed a geek, and never become friends with my girlfriends. Maybe I should have said more to Marcel that was not hurtful. Maybe I am to blame for it all?

Besides, I know some of you would say I erred death for not seeing, that I have a boy that would be good to me, and would treat me right, that I passed on so many times. There are undoubtedly some of you who think I deserved all this, for the reason that I

was going to let Ray go all the way with me even though he’s mean and nasty to me. Yet for some reason, I just thought it was the way it should be. I was afraid to leave him. I knew if I did, he would get his revenge.

Plus, I know that some of you would say I received a humiliating death because I didn’t sleep with Marcel, still not sure if he was good enough, and to be truthful you're right there, I should have seen this all long before I thought I was falling for him. I

fall but not all the way… and it’s killing me that I may never- ever fall to him as I should have.

To be truthful I should never sleep with anyone but Marcel. I know now that I was always in love with him, even when I wasn’t with him. But before you begin pointing your fingers, let me ask you some questions: is what I did so bad?

So, bad I deserved to die? So, bad I deserved to die like this with no dignity at all? Is what I did so much

worse than what anybody else does? I'm a ruthless mean girl?

I am a slut that had it coming?

I don't think so… do you? Like really is what I have done so much worse than what you have done in your everyday life? Think about it, and you'll see I'm not that bad.